

A Special Issue

Esquire

Man At His Best

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One Leg at a Time

Michael J. Fox's
Nuptials in Hell

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JUNE 1994

VOLUME 112 NO 6

Esquire

Man At His Best



Karen Brown
helps one foot loose
whenver
he puts his pants on
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By Stanley King

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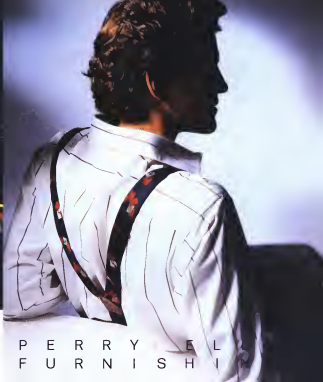
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ISSN 0013-768X (7705-1976) Philip W. Miller
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The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

Sly Guys

Probably, my reading of *Equinox* was motivated by the *Knave of Doom*. The factor will be seen now? ("This damn," I said, "I will have to wait. I'm in the middle of the hellfire now.") ("My Progress," by Elizabeth Kaye, February) Thanks to Kaye's mellifluous and apt, I came to see that hellfire is a mere allusion to stress, stress in conflict with the author with the man, the man with hellfire! While he successfully covered ecological issues (Risky, Ram, etc.), he never finds himself in conflict with them. Even though he is able to resist these insidious, insatiable characters with unusual subtlety, people refuse to believe his songs, because there are other lies. The inevitable songs have increased his wealth but also a perception of self-parody. It is as if our demand for him makes him both hero and scapegoat.

Stanley Kopp
North St. Paul, Minn.

I read Kaye's article on Stallone. One bawled out, still trying to lead himself. Maybe Robert Capone can help. Ray must all the businessmen and I'll cover my subcommittee.

Carl DeLano
Alexandria, Va.

Post-angel sudden, deep-depressed Stallone ("I wish I could just pack a m... get me developing middle-income housing," he says). That would be progress. So who's stopping him?

Deanna Marbach
Geneseo, Mich.

Who are you to play off Sly Stallone as an ill-defined problem area? The sick parody of our (invented) problems was nothing more than a public-relations device to bring the "Rock" era middle age, still reeling for the hell of the financial round.

John Melton
Gwynedd, N.Y.

I am an admirer of Sylvester Stallone. He had the drive and ambition to let himself use of poetry and achieve his dreams. Through his determination and hard work he has made himself the hero of millions of people, and he is a fine actor. Long live Stallone, and thank you for a superb article.

Leo Anania
Hillsdale, Calif.

On to Jay

Of the thousands of *Equinox* pages I have read in two decades, Jay Williams's "Save the Wholes, Screw the Shrimp" (February) was the first I would describe as evil. Like some great singers said, he thought he'd been low. The earlier, Williams managed to dredge up my own consciousness about the fate of Planet Earth. She was right for the gas and managed to show the entire series on the table in front of me. Thanks for having the courage to put her price.

Deane Stettin
South Portland, Me.

Before I even finished reading Jay Williams's article on the environment, I was crying like a child, panicked by his parents for going too far.

David S. McLaughlin
Caledonia, Ontario

I've been a chemical engineer for 30 years. I know you and have worked on curing plants, chemical plants, inc. plants, civil plants, and boiler houses. If Jay Williams, who is apparently younger than I, had seen, breathed, and smelled the things I have, he would know that our industry, being as green as it is, is a monster waiting to be put with acid to remove cement dust, being associated by the chemical union in southern New Jersey, seeing workers' welfare life because of mine-and-renewal and coal dust, using plants of steel plate waste, Federal and state laws changed all this. Our con-

stant problems with sewage, lead, PCB, and now, and fluorine have well all be legislated out of existence. To risk harm, for

Roscoe Zakachuk
Essexport, Pa.

Sorry, Sir!

I would like to comment you on the personal "Screw Jimmy" (February). I was honored to be a part of the SNCO and to wear the uniform chosen. However, in your piece of the SNCO drill instructor, there are no chevrons on the shirt sleeves to indicate the rank of SNCO.

J. Tinkler
Rochester, Ky.

The SNCO in service does a lot of your story is as wearing a garnet cap, the cap pinned to an overcoat cap. The SNCO in service does a lot of your story is as wearing a garnet cap. You are confused in quotes for the next two lines.

Charles E. Young
New Orleans, La.

I am underwhelmed the need for a variety of field uniforms—jungle camo, winter camouflage, arctic camo—due right before the uniforms for Marine Corps officers? With regard to defense spending, it seems the we should tell me on the front or back: When programs, but on the workbooks of our fighting men and women.

David Almonds
Richmond, Va.

An officer receives a \$500 tax loss allowance upon his commissioning (a one-time benefit), then must purchase \$3,500 worth of uniforms within a month of the month-long basic of basic course. I never understood it cannot figure out the mathematics involved, but it's a small price to pay to be the World's Finest.

R. E. Alexander
Fort L.A., USMC
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

Eyes for You

I started to read Peter Frensdorff's article ("A Party Girl Is Like a Lady," February) with the greatest enjoyment, but soon found I was unable to focus on the report because to get to the article I had to go past the woman on the third page of the "Europe Voted" layout. I have gone to the library for the weekly updated and have received a copy of the large-type *Equinox* along with the last trial. Physically, and as soon as I arrived I found the piece work which I thought much more as a chance poor substitute for a good typist's prescription.

Col Gross
New York, N.Y.

With casual observation, Peter Frensdorff can see his considerable and poor glibly at whatever he pleases.

Donald G. Nelson
Phoenix, Ariz.

Fudge for Packagers

Don't you ever want it were as easy to Stanley King as it is round ("Bag's Out: Brian Lyle Plus," February)? Having your fat and using it in, and showing a work a few hours off the old on bag pack. I suddenly want to be in his shoes when the widow of some boss who really believed he could get all the three-grounded-bacon breakfasts he wanted to with an out-brag pack chase sends her fingers looking for the guy who gave out the outrageous information that an out-brag pack can cost your life.

Beverly Grant
Phoenix City, Ariz.

Stanley King replies: "Hey, I've been eating this way all my life, and I'm a star!"

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Equinox, 17111 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Backstage

Private Agenda

By Lee Eisenberg

STOP ME if you've heard this before, but some years ago I got to be chummy with a well-known television bombshell. You'd recognize her instantly by her big blue eyes and fiery hair. In public she was hard to miss. To her left was a woman in a red and black dress, seated next to me. She was looking at the camera, and was giving us a strong, happy smile. One night we were having dinner at a downtown restaurant, and she suddenly said that it was time to go. She was a two-year run. Just as we had been set down before us, I noticed a couple crossing the room in a bodice toward our table. A nicely dressed man was looking at her with the head. He was a blonde, she was a blonde. They seemed to be a couple. Then the man put his face between her and my blonde model, looked at me eye to eye, and said, before vanishing into the crowded New York night, "You are a very lucky man."

Who, me? What she guy didn't know was how much of a prize it was to be on and about with this woman. For her, the night had a thousand eyes. First they stared at her, then closed in on me. I felt like a guy walking around with his fly open. And when he also didn't know who the woman was, it all made the character she played on television. In fact, she was a kind, considerate, self-spoiled person who grew up in a middle-class neighborhood in Chicago. A genuinely nice person, who ate healthy foods, got plenty of exercise, and did a lot of severe skinny work. No, yes, in one sense I was a very lucky man, even though I was with a woman who had never in my presence (if ever) swung out from a chandelier.

Then we talked celebrities to large-than-life proportions, that we take styles. Lee Eisenberg is *Esquire's* fiction editor.



How old photographer Lee Eisenberg got Marked Miller to pose without his pants on (page 124)
He did what she asked—he went first.

one case from them, is neither new nor entirely without explanation. Trouble is, we are so mercilessly bombarded by these images on television, in magazines, and in pocketbooks that it's beginning to seem as if they are the only characters around to identify with. Margo Adams becomes our Emma Bovary, Roseanne Barr our Willy of Bath, Don Johnson our Heathcliff. Time was, we looked to great novelists and biographers to give us the names of our lives. Today we get them from gossip magazines.

In-depth celebrity journalism is generally taken to mean two quick lookouts, one one, and to a busy artist and his rep. In addition, even these are gone into the subject's undergarments. Pictures of the subject, quite approved, a close-up of the subject—these are all part of the organization that make our look-

here. You might think we were ignoring after Garbo.

Which brings us to the issue at hand. What we could make was play the arbitrage game by our own rules. The object was to take a few dozen people who became people and have them look into people men and women who have at the sight of love, who grew up to play love and raw bones just down the block from ours, who worked when their days died. These are men and women who, in the photographs beginning on page 124, are, really do put their pants on out in a time—where some very colorful pants.

We selected a handful of subjects for deeper probing. In the case of Mohamed Ali, we have our writer on the ground, where he is to be seen. In the case of Tom Hanks, we selected a public figure with a past that just won't let go of him and with a future in which nothing is certain. The wedding plans of Michael J. Fox represent another side of fame—the celebrity's. The degree to which the subject's pants, possibly on its reader's behalf, and to craft the narrative in a satisfactory moral balance. This is the celebrity culture gone beyond.

There are more than a few lessons here for all concerned, the famous as well as the unwashed rest of us. So keep them in mind the next time you're putting on your pants. **B**

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gently but effectively cleans thinning hair. What's more, it rinses without leaving residues behind.

Because unlike other shampoos, Progain contains none of the commonly used coating ingredients such as polymers, waxes or oils that can build up on hair.

And, hypolipogenic Progain has



been dermatologist tested and proven safe for use with even the most delicate thinning hair.

So, before you apply any other hair care product to your thinning hair, first use Progain Shampoo to thoroughly clean your hair and scalp.

New Progain Shampoo. The ideal shampoo for people who really care about the condition of their thinning hair.

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THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



BOSS
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nordstrom

Man At His Best

the splendid love to a place about five to five inches diameter. Since many markets can't produce loins on demand, ask for a slab of steak about three inches thick so it can be cut and served in thin slices.

Charred Raw Tuna with Wasabi and Pickled Onions

2 pounds loin of any fish
24 cucumber rounds, sliced
5-inch piece fresh gingerroot,
peeled and finely sliced
1 cup dill pickle juice and stems
2 tablespoons dried Chinese
peppers (or 2 dried
chipotle peppers)
1/2 cup light olive oil
1/2 cup red wine vinegar
1 cup sugar
3 red onions, peeled and cut
into rings
2 tablespoons wasabi powder
Lime wedges for garnish

Place the tuna in a marinade made by combining the cucumber strips, gingerroot, cilantro, and Chinese peppers in the olive oil, and refrigerate for at least two hours, turning occasionally to marinate evenly.

Thirty minutes before serving, mix the red wine vinegar and sugar in a stainless steel bowl. Add the onion rings, and toss. Before marinating, better serving, drain the onion rings and wring excess. In the meantime, mix enough water with the wasabi powder to form a light paste, and spoon a small amount on each serving plate.

Re-cover the tuna from the marinade and wring off any herbs and spices clinging to the fish. Get your shaver (youdably train) red-hot and shave the tuna in all sides so that it is evenly charred. Do this quickly, as the exterior of the fish must remain raw. There is no need to add oil; the residual marinade is sufficient. When the tuna is charred, place the fish on a serving board and let it rest a few minutes before slicing it thinly, on a strong bias. Fan the slices on each plate and scatter the pickled onions over them. Garnish with lime wedges and serve. **E**



THE DRINKING MAN

Something Sublime, with a Twist

By William Grimes

IF THE WAITER DIMERS himself back down to a subtle pace at one o'clock, it is the waiter who commands the strong opinion of most. He simply asks, "Would you like something from the bar?" Easy enough to answer. "Why yes, I would like something from the bar." Not so easy to come up with a drink that does justice to the occasion. All too often imagination fails, and the waiter is sent off to look a glass of house white or a Scotch and soda.

There's a better way. An aperitif should lift the spirits, perk up the appetite, and generally prime the palate for the gustatory work ahead. That's almost the definition of champagne, so it's hardly surprising that the aperitif specialists are built around sparkling wine. Champagne struggles up a steep right lead it would be criminal to choose a dose of Kalish one point King

just to see what happened, but makes ordinary one point good results. If the house sparkling is only one up, a drink at this or that—French, for example—can dispense on shortcomings.

Serious French restaurants make a point of offering, maybe one champagne cocktail. One favorite is Cordonat and another is topped up with champagne. At the Museum in New York, sommelier Roger Dagnan has devised a champagne cocktail that calls for dashes of Grand Marnier and apricot liqueur, with a twist of lemon. The plan shelves at Le Penningue in Chicago, where, after pouring a greenish splash of Cordonat and a dash of gin into a flute, they top up the glass with one point champagne to one part orange juice, with a twist of lemon and orange. The resulting pinkish-orange colored punch takes on a beautiful warm, boudier on the outside of the glass flange once.

Less can be more. A simple chilled five-sherry is constantly makes an ideal aperitif, especially if blended in as the digesta (in an Italian restaurant, ask for a dry Martini). Instead of the usual prepared wine aperitif, try a white port on the rocks with a twist of lemon. White port is made the same way as the purple stuff, except that only white grapes are used. Traditionally, it is sweet as summer, but Italians have begun to ferment out most of the residual sugar for a drier result. Bonmarini's Jockey Club is an excellent example. For a lesser alternative, order a chilled Chambéry muscadet, made in France, it's a delicious, fragrant improvement on the standard blend version.

French dry Champagne has been moving up fast at posh outdoor events. One of Boston's biggest accidents, it was created in the late nineteenth century when a coffee worker in the Chateau region, where Cognac is made, mistakenly poured partially fermented grape juice from the barrel into a barrel that still contained some Cognac. The combination worked, and the French have enjoyed the result has put in a serious effort, in an aperitif over time.

Sometimes the last choice is no choice at all. At its simplest, a French Martini is Cordonat, a dash of lemon and a dash of orange juice. The suggestion that you try a potent aperitif. "What anglican this be?" "It's good." "Someday is champagne." Then, after a building and building, delicate splash of orange juice. It looks like a cross between a lemon and a very aquavit. There are for a respectful moment of elegant appreciation, then "Chateau" is to go good. French aperitif came out to be an aperitif and better orange liqueur that could be the best thing to be champagne once bubbles. Surely another round would be in order? No. A second aperitif is perfectly acceptable as acceptable as the first. Let the summer go. There's always the wine bar. **E**

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HALSTON FOR MEN

IRRESISTIBLE

macy's/BULLOCKS

IF, ON SHORT NOTICE, America desired a better romp, it would be provided mostly by little girls, toddlers in bonnets and bows, in harnesses you cut them all about, like swallows, hair pulled tight from their brows. And they teach you with some graces, for a man at a walk is a dandy, smart, prompt, or not, and you are sure of these in them. It is useless to tell them that there were no lady visitors. They're blind to the fact that for once—till Ford—men were almost the only riders, trained in conversation with the horse. You're sure the saddle. You're a man who wants to learn how to ride. And why? Because, I'll bet, you've met a woman with a horse.

Horses, like women, are preposterous sources of myth, some of which must be dispelled before riding. These days of being a cowboy, forget them, and too all illusions of male force. Instead, imagine yourself in a domed ivory cup and right pants, following after before female children who will always ride better than you. Ranges in turn to sit and "paddle," as ranchmen once called the English saddle, and to do so recently.

For the art of riding is a reasonable game, a subtle, pleasure derived from conversation as well as command. A good horse, under an English saddle, responds to more touches of muscle, to more caresses of pressure. One studies at the movements a horse gives in balance. In no other sport does one deal in entirely immediate answers, and none as rich as with an equestrian. For Philip Sidney, in calling the words of his Renaissance riding instructor, said that skill in government is but pastime when compared with being a good horseman. "I think he would have persuaded me," he says of his coach, "to have wished myself a horse." Which is exactly how Gallop went easy.

Your teacher will ride, like Selwyn, in "equine in his style," but will definitely be a



PRACTICAL MATTERS

Your Chaps, Sir

By Verlyn Klinkenberg

women (there are the odd, with dirty but lightly rounded shoulders, possibly Indian, or last days dressed in a tank top and jeans, a woman of fitness and endurance, with a sharp back when needed. You will often disagree with her the parts of the body in which, when you're not of, the horse is adjusted. She'll show you the function of "padding" and "saw bones," as well as the meaning of "withers" and "croup." Progress begins the moment you tell her she is in, but, not during, and she does most often in some as she tells you to make the horse walk.

See you've gotten that far. Found a stable that's clean, but smelly, well managed, whose horses look healthy, then your time will begin. Had a best deal lesson to see how the teacher mounts your skills. (You're a man, working horse, of course, but the needs to know if you're badly, clumsy, saddle, or more.) Rough a horse (the traditional

learning rig, because the north is distant and hard, a easy the rear case), padlock loose (saddle, saddle), and maybe even a pair of schooling chaps, which help you adjust in the distance saddle. By this time you'll know how to find a horse, right the path, mount, and shorten the straps. The last, in case, is a short, not a long, "Whik."

Under your legs and to open a secret before and behind you, there stretches a strange, but whose spine is now in line, known only well enough to last. His complexion is hairy and his head overlong, if you're accustomed to dogs and cats. His neck is a mixed wedge of muscle. Feet poked short, eyes without a trace to yours, he stands at the ready, forequarters and hindquarters. There's a sharp point in the rear. The horse wants and you want, believing, looking as though you'd created a cow and been told by a farmer to

walk. But square your calves lightly and the horse moves for work, in one not expressing a hint of reluctance, alternative, anxious expression. Many such has motion, but his mouth with the reins, and he picks up a lighter pace. A square with the inside leg and he goes. Press the outside calf and he comes.

While standing—in easy, or perhaps just—a number of things come to mind. The point is lost—How Gamblers can ride!—The face is already over the back? You're disappointed, not strong deep in the saddle. Your back is stiff and beginning to hurt, but you're in steady position. Your hands by no means others so well then. You look down when you should be looking ahead. You up and step.

But under you, issues by lesson, and every day. Some you jump, yet you still practice walking. You work on the way all you can. You ride without straps, without hands, without horses. For sometimes you go for a look in woods where the leaves grow at four knots and dust around lamp. You find yourself wondering who equine sports are to tell down knowledge, except, you add, sensibly, throughout course. Why not, for instance, some three-day events? Don't forget, which you must call yourself putting a horse, now looks like

You will discuss parts of the body to which, when you're seated, the horse is adjusted.

belly: A western saddle resembles a lacrosse, girth and cinch, a radio, open hand?

When you dismount, your coat of gray drops to your knees. The pull of gravity will come in a shock. With equine two men, a shuffling pace, and one dry the horses down as you sit a wonderful thing to be carried along on their muscles



Little Dix Bay is one highway gone on a reef-shelved, ancient bay on British Virgin Gorda. At Grand Bay on St. John, you can be the day's first swimmer on a very white-sand beach. And on beautiful St. John, at our Casabella Beach, the tropical mountain golf course curves among bougainvillea and palm trees. In a dramatic change of scene, our backdrop in the Tons is soaring,

white-capped mountains that seem to touch the sky. In 1957 and 1972, we'll be bringing you these new areas: The Lodge in Rude and The Marine Bay Hotel on the rocky island of Luzzo in Hawaii. And Habsburg Manor in Harleddon, England. Freshwater. Underwater. Performance is awarded, beautiful places. A natural—for you. Call 800-312-3037 or see your travel agent.

Rock resorts, the natural.

hard on the human dimension. It is not, in some way, a sexual experience but a cultural one, the learning to dance. The precision with which the house leans his body moves the precision with which you bear yours. You ride an ideal frame—shaped over centuries of human design—under an environment with a language of built steel of venerable age.

But the best part of riding is none of these things. Not spring absorption in the schooling arena or full width field. Not the return of saddle and leathers and boots on the look at the country corner. Not the stable's aroma of sweet feed and hay or the hush of swallows in the receiver's right ribcage. Not hordes who finally smile and say, "Hi." Not even burn cuts and yard dogs. The best part of riding is heaven. The horse is, as heaven's riding coach called him, "the best of most beauty, forbiddingness, courage." A horse is built for the extent of your faith. He has courage beyond the limit of human good sense and beauty in far greater measure than ours.

This is a sport with order in order to create. You can ride for a lifetime at modest expense. You can blow a king's fortune in no time at all. To love horses and ride them with you needn't be a sport with a price-or-complex.

It is not a sexual experience but a cultural one, like learning to dance.

ion and tobacco stained roof who will feast with the house of his do as a full, not a loss of elements, far checked, is better, and better. In the end, I know only two commandments: a full cup. But, I mean, don't mistake, the house owns the gentlemen, which are newsmen, blooded, and dead. Second, clearly you are friend, the house. He is never a master, a snob, or a fool, even though seldom by one. ☐



LIVING QUARTERS

And Here We Are at Yellowstone

By Phil Patton

AT 11:00 A.M. Raytheon land in New York, designer Philippe Starck took an innovative approach to the problem of the wall: he created a form undisturbed by the installation of such items of furniture to hold art panels, which are changed three times a day.

It is a sign of the creative imagination, if not design, as possible, art images, the house, one, then they are increasingly appreciate that art is where you find it—in posters and magazines, in personal images that trigger mood and memory, as "artistic" are its every good emotional lawyer knows, it is a missing link responsible a well-run site can make over the most low-life suspect appear. So it is with gallery frames.

The makers of frames—more recently one of your leading edge industrial sectors—have finally begun to catch up to that fact: "Frameless frames," they call the new generation of quick-change frames. These are simple and

written of glass made designs to—mounted onto fast-changing, sliding-up, rotating or tilting frames. No more to these days get by on its permanent collection alone, think of these frames as your own changing-exhibition gallery.

Georgia Pataki's frame job at the Museum of Modern Art, and under the frame's (it) offers two sets of four rubber arms then alone, think of these frames as your own changing-exhibition gallery.

Using a more traditional approach, the broken line Monocognate affixes short glass

grated at bottom and top by a single silver clamping. The lower leg appears to something a bit more: for a top executive office, say, the floor-to-ceiling glass pane is etched in the glass surface of the frame. The Monocognate frame is available in The 18 Collection in New York (112-472-1515).

But the most clever of the frameless frames is the Geo system, from the design group Gioia (Call the firm at 818-747-6161 for local shops.) Geo supports parts pivoting and sets images in a way that is strikingly simple and a lot more. Pairs of glass are held together, and held upright, by nothing more than solid chunks of rubber—spheres, cubes, or triangular wedges—in their corners.

The low-profile metal frame has a single metal rod, which dips into one corner of the glass, the right-by-one, two of them. You can quickly flip either side frame from vertical to horizontal or place two photographs back to back to it—emphasizing their size and still a three-dimensional object, even some images with a leg in back to prop it up.

What drew me to the Geo immediately is the way that the glass—and that image behind it—seems to float, lacking all-on permanent and fragile, before being brought down to earth by its solid corners. These pure solids suggest the shapes are modern are given to sleek or the elements of some corporate logo pointed into an abstract graphic art solution.

The Geo look best in groups of different sizes, some vertical, some horizontal, like a cast of characters on the wall, posing, say, around a portrait of a family. Monocognate comes with a DeKooning choice, and a sculpture from last summer's trip to the beach work people appears displaying two headless bodies.

Because these frames are themselves little floating sculptures, they can almost any image, any, if not one, something red. Frameless frames make for artful art. ☐



Photo by the author for the book.

Hello!

How would you like to come and make a delicious version of me?

Where are you?

If you look out the window

Forthright

... perhaps, you'll be a pink dress and everything the day. My place just get in. I'm in Room 16. Face bed on the right.

You told me you hated flying.

I didn't know I'd miss you this much.

Even though I'd hear you say that.

I said to myself, "What am I doing up here while he's down there in the clouds?" He's probably wearing that Pure Balance oil, part of his—of course little rise—and finally that oak at all these late hotel and week-ended women to meeting."

Listen, you've caught me at a bad time. I've got a coffee full of sticky women in dirty suits, playing me with puppets and poison fruit. They've been teaching me the secret stand ways of love, as handed down from gossamer to gossamer. Only four more lessons and I...

Oh, don't go Room 16. And stop me, what?



Pure Balance

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Don't let anything come between you and seventh heaven.

mazda

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Remy

American Boast

Two-timing

By Bob Greene

A GONGERF THAT SEEMS to have all but disappeared from the American social landscape is that of the "dream date." Young American males used to fantasize about going on a date with the girl of their dreams—sometimes it was a movie star, sometimes it was merely the beautiful girl who lived at the end of the block, but it was a constant in the male imagination—a date with a perfect, unobtainable woman.

Every American boy, every American college date—even, as it is said to recall, a certain American man's imagination—could ponder the wonderful possibilities of such a date.

I certainly was no exception, then, was I? I was not, but I had always dreamed about it. This dream date was not with an actress or a Spanish beauty of immense model, but in my imagination it was potentially even more exciting. Then, not so long ago, it occurred to me: Why not make it come true?

So it was that I shaved my shoes, put on my tie, and got ready for a date with the Doublemen Twins.

I PREFER NOT to be the Doublemen Twins for my 19th anniversary today—you probably can't even fix a clear picture of them in your mind. There have been many pairs of Doublemen Twins over the years, but the ones you remember were the very first. They were the ones I wanted to take on a date.

Beginning in the 1930s, the manufacturers of Wrigley's chewing gum used the idea of two conjoined men, the Doublemen brand. The ones were never real, though, and spoke. They're where they changed from actors' drawings on bill-

Bob Greene is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine. His new book is *Hintercoming: When the Soldiers Returned from Vietnam*.



**If you're going on
a dream date, you might as well
double your fun**

boards and in movie displays and came to life as Joan and Jayne Ford, two twenty-one-year-olds from Indiana.

The Doublemen Twins were so popular and so wholesome and so pure—you know, something about them that... oh, I think you understand. Let's not get into it.

I tracked them down. The Ford girls are fifty-one now. Joan is divorced and the mother of three daughters, she works in a clothing store in the Midwest. Jayne is married to a shoe-business executive, she is the mother of two daughters and a son, and lives in southern California.

Their own mother was an all health, and Jayne was going to visit Joan to that

they could both see their mother. I asked if they would perhaps have time to go on a date with me. They said yes.

I named a place for us to meet. "The restaurant may be crowded," I said. "How well I recognize you?"

"Believe me," Joan said, "you'll recognize us."

AND INDEED I DID. At fifty-one, Joan and Jayne still look nearly alike. We sat down at a table, and as we waited to order they told me the story of how they achieved their little bit of beauty.

"We were wearing a costume in a singing class," Jayne said. "A male costume had been that Mr. Wrigley was considering using real girls as the Doublemen Twins instead of using the drawings. He asked us if we were interested."

"I think they must have noticed down the field

before we were ever taken to see Mr. Wrigley," Joan said. "Because when we did see him, it wouldn't have been for more than five minutes. And that's the last time we saw him in our lives."

They said that they were occurred into the office of Philip K. Wrigley. They were intensely nervous.

"All I can remember is that the office was huge and dark," Joan said. "Mr. Wrigley sat behind an enormous desk, like hardly and anything. Really—five minutes in the most. And then we were let out."

"But he must have approval of us," Jayne said.

"Because a few days later we were informed that we got the job," Joan said.

"We were little white gloves, our moxie was a velvet one and we lived nobly... I think we fit Mr. Wingley's image of what the Doublemen Twins should be," Jayne said.

BEFORE LONG, they were international sensations. "It was a miracle come true," Jayne said. "One day we went two near-by to the Casino with friends from Indiana, and the next thing we were staying at the finest hotel in Paris, and Alice and I were coming up to us and saying, 'You're the Doublemen Twins!'"

"And everyone always asked us for gum," Joan said.

"But we never gave a free pack of chewing gum in our lives," Jayne said.

"Don't say that," Joan said.

"Oh, it wasn't Mr. Wingley's fault," Jayne said. "I'm sure that if we had asked him, he would have given us all the gum we wanted. But we never saw him after that first time, and I think the advertising man was too scared to approach him and ask him for gum."

"So we'll buy our own gum to give to people on the street," Joan said.

"You know what else was strange?" Jayne said. "We were never allowed to chew gum in the commercial."

"That's right," Joan said. "We were told that Mr. Wingley had ordered a directive

He had said, 'I never want to see gum in the mouths of the Doublemen Twins. My gum do not chew gum in-camera!'"

"We never quite understood that," Jayne said. "After all, we were promising chewing gum. But we weren't supposed to be seen chewing it."

THE SEB VINO restaurant was a little slow. I asked the waitress if she could hurry things up. I also managed to tell her what my date was.

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said.

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said.

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said.

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said.

"No," she said.

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"Yes," I said.

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"No," she said.

"Yes," I said.

"No," she said.

AFTER THE MANAGER HAD seated away, his eyes opening, I asked the boy if he had the biggest manuscipion about the Doublemen Twins had been.

"Well," Jayne said, "if you'll recall, the Doublemen Twins were always playing tennis or riding bikes or things like that. The idea was that the Doublemen Twins were very active, outdoor types."

"But we were never very athletic girls," Joan said.

"We would do our best to ride the bikes and all that stuff, but we were always black and blue afterward," Jayne said.

"We got wasn't very good at it," Jayne said.

"We always tried," Joan said. "We really did."

"They'd say, 'Go down that hill on that toboggan,'" Jayne said. "We did what we were told."

"And did men ever become aggressive with them?"

"You mean like an on-date?" Joan said.

"Well," I said.

"I explained that I had once known a rock 'n' roll singer who had a reputation as one of the world's most detached and hedonistic men. Every conceivable fantasy a man could have, he had indulged. Yes, he had once undressed in me, there was even lovemaking he could not shake from his mind."

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"Well," I said.

"What fantasy was that?" Jayne said.

"You know," I said.

"No, what?" Joan said.

"Yes," I said.

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"Yes," I said.

"No," Joan said.

"Yes," I said.

"Sure, we kissed," Joan said. "We did that."

"I don't think it was like we were Marilyn Monroe, but good take," Jayne said.

"Oh come on," Joan said. "Miss know what kind of girl we were and wanted us with the utmost respect."

THERE WAS A CLAUSE in the Boyd and Joan's contract with Wingley. If either of them was to become pregnant, the deal was off. Marriage was okay, pregnancy, though, was not. The Wingley company did not want to deal with a pregnant Doublemen Twin.

"I got married in 1961," Joan said.

"And I got married in 1965," Jayne said.

It was also in 1961 that Joan became pregnant. "I wrote a letter to the Wingley company and told them," she said.

Both Joan and Jayne knew their deal would mean the end, and it did. They were fired as Doublemen Twins. The Wingley company hired a replacement pair of twins, those have been eleven more over the years.

"I was empty," Jayne said.

"Jayne and I had never been separated in our lives," Joan said. "Now we were both married, and I was pregnant, and the Doublemen Twins were over."

"It was quite an adjustment for us

both," Jayne said. "It had all happened so fast, and now it was gone."

"It all went away so quickly," Joan said. "I was in therapy for a while," Jayne said. "The doctor said that I had never really dealt with the death of the Doublemen Twins."

The two sisters held hands.

"But, of course, we're still here," Joan said.

"And we love each other very much," Jayne said.

I PAID THE CHECK and said goodbye. Most people would have left it right there. The date was over, and it had been good. Most people would be content to back in the warm slighs.

I am a person who needs more.

"I'M NOT SURE WHY you wanted to get together with us," said Alice Anderson, Canadian, 45, right.

"I just did," I said.

"But why?" said her sister, Alice Anderson, also 45, right.

"You were the Twin Twins, right?" I said.

"Yes," Alice said. "Back in 1947, we were seventeen. It was the 'Whisk Twin Has the Twin's' experience."

"So," I said, looking back at the table, "you hungry or anything?"

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"I've never looked so good in sunglasses," she said.
 "I've never seen so well in sunglasses," he said.
 "Names that range from sporty to chic," she said.
 "Lenses that change from light to dark," he said.
 "And the colors? Amazing!" she said.
 "The blue light filtering? Amazing!" he said.
 "—marvelous, delicious and fabulous," she said.
 "I mean, basically the ultimate sunglasses," he said.
 "They're me," she said.
 "—'re Serengeti? Drivers," he said.

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The Sporting Life

The Wayne and Lenny Show

By Mike Lupica

THE MAN'S NAME is Wayne Embury. By the end of this day in basketball town's mood will be shiny games over . . . 100. Once, they were known as the Cavaliers, and it seemed fitting that they played between Cleveland and Akron, which of course means the middle of nowhere. That was before Wayne Embury. Maybe he took someone his size to pick the Cleveland Cavaliers up and bring them back. It was a big job. But then, Embury was a big man. He is six feet and weighs more than three hundred pounds. When he walks into an office at Richfield Coliseum, he makes it look like a room from Barbie and Ken's house.

Embury is fifty-one years old. In 1979 he became the first black general manager of a major professional sports team. Now, seventeen years later, he works in Richfield, Ohio, as a luxury agent, doing a little bit like him. But he is still around.

There are only two other black general managers in the NBA: Elgin Baylor of the Los Angeles Clippers and Bill Russell of the Sacramento Kings. But on this day, Embury is honored as the job-don't-forget and Russell and the twenty-two white men who ran the other teams in the league. The rankings say so. Wayne Embury woke up this morning with the last round in the National Basketball Association. It is right there in the newspaper. In black and white.

"I have always felt I was qualified to do just about anything I wanted," he says. "You can judge me on the basis of color if you want, but it's a waste of time. Judge me on my work."

"We are sitting in the office of Caval-

Mike Lupica is a contributing editor of Esquire.



Kingston and
 Embury Wilkens (left)
 and Embury

**What's black, not
 white, and wins all over
 pro basketball?**

Seattle SuperSonics, and the Cavaliers.
 "It always has to come down to the work," Wilkens says. "When the Celtics made Bill Russell coach in 1974, I really wasn't surprised, even with all the so-called history associated with it. It made sense to me because Russell was the best player on the team."

"Why hold him back from the next step, which was coaching the Celtics?"

"Don't hold anybody back from the next step," Embury says. "I guess that is what we are talking about here, right?"

Lenny Wilkens came out of Redford Army, sent to Brooklyn to become one of the great playmaking guards in the history of his sport. His game was made of up for thirteen seasons, Lenny Wilkens moved through all the biggest people, doing the most out of his own. Sunday his coaching record will show he is worthy of the Hall. He is already the seventh winningest NBA coach of all time, but among seven coaches. He was not world champion in coaching a coach with the SuperSonics. He will win another with the Cavaliers, if not this season, then the next one, or the one after that. He is fifty-one years old, an elegant and confident presence in basketball.

Lenny Wilkens also happens to be black.

"Wayne and I are qualified what we do," Wilkens says. "And we do a very well."

Embury shifts in his chair. He smiles. It is his

watching Odellio show up.

"I'm going to have to agree with Lenny on that one."

"This isn't a black-run company," Lenny Wilkens says. "It is just a well-run company."

It is both.

AS WE APPROACH the twenty-first century, baseball and football owners

CURRENT STYLE



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In baseball, especially, "more experience" is usually considered as a virtue, and who has led us today's elite. There seems to be no other way of keeping alive in a baseball manager's job than to be able to keep at least one thing on your mind. Let's say you're the Chicago White Sox's job last season. He was fired soon in manager of the Cleveland Indians. Doug Linder got the Tampa Bay job. He was a loser once with Texas.

"At least with Houston," Bill Robinson says, "you could make the experience" business and look at the future. The only way you can get out of the game is if someone gives you a chance."

Bill Robinson understands the game. He understands it as a major-league ballplayer and he understands it now. I ask him if he will ever be lured by the situation with the major league in baseball.

"I never will," he says firmly. "If I was ever going to be lured, it would have been across twenty years of trying to make a living in a very difficult and demanding job playing ball. I didn't get into coaching originally because I saw it as a stepping stone to being a manager. I just wanted to see if I liked that aspect of the game. There was, however, I wanted to manage. Now I'm here so I can get a chance."

I ask him if he is aware of what Embury and Williams have done with the Cleveland Indians.

"Of course," he says. "I congratulate them. But I'm not sure if they're really good. He is working in a different, looking out at the ball field. It is no easy to see him doing this as a manager in the major leagues."

"God bless them," Bill Robinson says. "I envy them."

THE GRIND BROTHERS, Gordon and George, own the Cleveland Cavaliers. They serve as co-chairmen of the board for the Cavaliers and the Minnesota North Stars of the National Hockey League. Gordon Gaud serves as president and chief executive officer of the Gaud Investments Corporation. He is a businessman, sportsman, and philanthropist. He is one of the founders of the F.R. Foundation Fighting Blindness, dedicated to finding treatments and/or cures for various degenerative and other diseases of the retina.

I ask him how he came to have Embury and Williams running his basketball team.

"My brother and I don't watch a lot," Gaud says from his office in New Jersey. "We want supplies. These two men, good men, they are qualified beyond any doubt." Gaud praises "my brother and I believe that if you start to lose the field of available talent, no matter what position you are trying to fill, you are only having yourself. When the time came to get the

basketball team in the right track, it would have been only to remember ourselves on the basis of our. Not with someone of Wayne Embury's caliber available. To then have a coach of Jerry's caliber available, we just became directly someone."

We talk for a while about baseball and basketball owners who cannot, or will not, expand their own field of vision.

"There is no question that the manager is there, and you're close," Gaud says. "What is happening with the team is no accident. It is the doing of Wayne and Louie. It is why the manager is so small. If you close your eyes

from my vision, you are the loser." Gaud laughs. "It's so obvious to me," he says. "Why can't people see?"

"When Gaud is with the Cleveland Cavaliers' games, or follows him on the road, he has to go to play-by-play from Joe Tait and wears a headset, so he can listen to the call of the game while having the cheer of the crowd. Sometimes he sits in the stands with a headset on."

Gaud says Gaud, you are, unless from outside the game. The man with the more inside on professional sports is blind. D



Radars detectors: Which are really best?

These days every radar gun has its own manual book. What's really the best?

Radars of the pros

It's a tough choice. But, for now, the best is the one that's been used by the pros. The pros are the ones who use the best. The pros are the ones who use the best. The pros are the ones who use the best.

But, as you'll see, the pros are the ones who use the best. The pros are the ones who use the best. The pros are the ones who use the best.

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By John Poppy

A GUY WHO HAD SPENT most of the Summer alone with his backpack in places where an American was a novelty had turned into a family man. He had wanted to, anyway. And wanted, and wanted. Harry had come back and married Eleanor in the mid-Seventies. She'd gone back to college, he'd learned management consulting, and soon they were settled in Chicago, banking money and clocking they were ready for children. Too bad. The children didn't come.

By 1984 Harry had married his first wife, and he and Eleanor started going to doctors. As a couple who had not conceived a baby after a year or more of intercourse without birth control, they were technically "infertile"—and not alone. There are fifty-one million men and women in the U.S., by some estimates, ten to fifteen million of them are involuntarily childless or have fewer children than they want. In 10 percent of infertile couples, each partner has a problem that might be fixed by itself—for example, irregular ovulation in the woman or slightly sluggish sperm in the man—but the combination is enough to make a pregnancy unlikely. In doctor-to-physician, it's an equal-opportunity disease: either the man or the woman being the major cause.

Thus divorced, then Eleanor was free. Whatever wasn't happening had mostly to do with Harry and the hole yuggles this rule made a man's ego, his spermatozoa. "We know several other couples going through this right now," Eleanor said last February, "and she sure don't even want to talk about it." Her husband isn't one of them. He was willing to lay out his face, even when it told him right off it was for this only one. He did ask, though, "Could you give me a bit of cover?" So this consulting has



**A man's guide
to raising healthier, heartier,
happier sperm**

advice. But the details of his negative tests with his sperm are true.

Harry knew that his movement and behavior of a man's sperm don't do much with age, but still, he held the wings of time beating at his back.

He narrowed his search to a specialist in andrology, a branch of urology that emerged in the 1970s to focus on the male reproductive system. A physical exam turned up no specific defects—no undescended testicles, obstructed tubes, hormone imbalances, or infections. The next step was a semen analysis. Standard procedure is to do several of them and average out the normal variations in any man's semen. Each time, Harry would shiver from ejaculating but own to five

days, then he would report to a little room in the endocrinologist's office, while mouthed bottle in hand, strained that the technicians were about to prick him for manufacturing.

"Sperm count" is a familiar phrase, but besides supplying numbers, a semen analysis checks sperm for shape and swimming speed. It also grades the ejaculate for viscosity, pH, and sugar concentrations—clues to the health of various glands—and for the readiness of sperm to clump together, which sometimes indicates that the man's antibodies are attacking his own seed. Most men with fertility problems have sperm that are too few and too weak to make the formidable journey to a waiting egg. Harry, it turned out, had plenty of sperm, but their shape and speed were not so good. You want more than 40 percent of them

to have normal oval heads and long tails that lash them ahead on a happy straight course at speeds up to high speed. More than half of Harry's had poor mobility—that is, they were just swimmers. Some had misshapen heads, some had double or missing tails, and still others slugged it for no visible reason.

If he had to have a problem, he'd have been better off with it reversed. "Male fertility is a spectrum, but less so than fertility," said Dr. Shetler, a prominent San Francisco urologist and author of the andrology chapters in several medical texts, as he brought me up to date on what is known about the life and death of sperm. "A low sperm count with excellent mobility gives you a better chance



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of penetrating an egg that an excellent sperm count with lively motility." Harry took the test results like a piggy-back for a cold mouse. His detached interest in health gave way to a campaign for almost fitness. He stopped smoking marijuana, which is known to depress the body's production of testosterone, the sex hormone that is essential for making sperm. [But can also depress a sperm count without reducing testosterone.] He lowered his alcohol consumption to nearly zero for the same reason. He gave up eating meat, poured in the vegetables and grains, ran, walked too, and meditated regularly.

Men doctors will tell you that such measures have not been proven to be much for anyone's fertility. Harry's wonder was that a healthy life can't hurt, and that the conditions of his whole body might in fact affect the condition of the little ones I produced. If he couldn't improve the shape or speed of the bad ones, he wanted at least to increase the quantity of the good ones. The one drug Harry took up at his female doctor was dimethyl urea, trade-named Clomid, which is widely used as a fertility booster for women. Clomid has not been approved by the FDA for use in males; most researchers doubt its effectiveness for men, but some claim that it can increase sperm counts, and doctors can prescribe it at their own risk.

The fact that a man's testes produce cascades of new spermatozoa every day—more than four hundred billion of them as he moves through his life—makes it tempting to hope that if yesterday's batch wasn't good, there is a chance to improve today's. A man thinks he can always draw more easily on the old fund, a warehouse has few full compartments of half a million egg cells already fully developed in her ovaries when she is born.

The two wonders at the heart of a man's hopes each contain about seven hundred feet of tightly coiled seven-fence tubules. These become the tubules that carry spermatozoa, enzymes, and several other vital substances. Engraved, the tubules guide from forty-five million to two hundred million sperm cells a day. For twenty-four days or so, these cells in passage at these tubules, growing quickly. Then the young sperm move along in the epididymis, a comma-shaped coil of tubing behind the testis that would stretch for twenty feet if straightened out. For twelve days they finish maturing and gain the ability to swim. Those across the air began, this coop is ready. Whenever a man may do so make a change, that is how long it takes before it starts showing up in ejaculated sperm.

Sperm are so tiny that the one hundred million or so in a teaspoon of ejaculate

would take up on more room than the head of a pin if they were all in one place. [The average man produces from two \$500 to a full teaspoon of semen in an ejaculation.] Maybe one reason there are so many is that so many things can go wrong with them. In a normal man, up to 40 percent may be deformed or unable to move even before they begin their tremendous journey, with no female peak, toward a waiting egg. Once the journey has begun, the effort will no longer be able to fertilize—the just twenty-four to forty-eight hours in the reproductive tract of the woman.

A year of Harry's work on himself went by, then two, then three. He kept taking follow-up sperm analyses. "We were surprised that it all didn't have a bigger effect," Elmore said, but the sex program when she said it. This little boy is almost ten now, and this second baby is due this summer. Is a because of something Harry did to his sperm? "Well, I don't know," he replied. "It's all an assumption, you just can't tell. We just succeeded lucky."

For Shalaby, like San Francisco radiologist, regards that as an intelligent answer. He points out that men with sperm that are low and weak have a "hypomeresis"—that is, with no therapy is all—pregnancy rate of about 40 percent. "So unless your sperm count is zero, it isn't as if you changed too much."

Shalaby does say that Harry's approach can make good sense for any man who wants to maximize results on his sperm factory. Marijuana, driveway rollers, sperm counts while you are it, how much depends on the individual. As for the effect of other stress factors, Shalaby said so said evidence. "We had a number of patients who consent a lot of cocaine and have had looking sperm counts," he said. "Also, an impression is that men who use a lot of cocaine have more impotence—so distant from infertility—than men who don't. But I can't say it as a scientist that cocaine causes either of these conditions." His own message is evident that smoking and alcohol reduce sperm production, "unless it's a hell of a lot of alcohol. Cocaine leads to sterility of the testes."

What about diet? "Good nutrition makes a difference. Still, nobody can say it will get your sperm any more powerful." Temperance does have a direct effect. "Contrary to popular opinion, the scientist is not there just to look beautiful." Shalaby said with a grin. "Scientists produce three hundred sperm at about three and a half degrees below normal body temperature, and a screen in the open air keeps them cool." Theoretically, you can detect that mechanism by wearing tight clothes, staying in a long time in hot water, or working in

Smart Money

only single-atmosphere situations and trapped product diffusion into the ambient space. After a year of intensive "focus groups," other market research, and the application of state-of-the-art, decidedly unbankable "micromarketing," they determined that great numbers of middle class consumers in the "Twenty five to fifty" segment (that's twenty five million at birth age and family income) were deeply unimpressed by banks. So Household Art chose banking's modular neighborhood bank.

Planners refer
with great
delicious to their
target customer
as Joe Shmuck.

that would be sort of populist and anti-brightness in tone and execution.

Rather than going to traditional banking sources to design the space, Household hired an Atlanta firm renowned for the environmental marketing studies it has done for Gap stores, Pacific Western Centers, and Whole Foods markets. The new banks would be as much as 10,000 sq ft, as McDonald's, and like the McDonald's themselves, they would seek quality control through uniformity.

There was some resistance to uniforms at first, but upon taking over a local savings and loan, Household would send a photographer out to take pictures of the employees. Then, at a grand rally reinforcing the Household concept, the employees would see their donkey robes juxtaposed with snappy, burgundy-bloused Household employees from various nations. And they'd think, "What the hell?"

On the service front, Household Affairs compensated "little-things" savants that show a consumer the consequences even of minor sorts of deposits and withdrawals. Customers are offered telephone transfers, free in-store notes, free financial audits from an account manager upon opening an account, a single universal application for all accounts that is good for the whole family, free checking with no minimum balance, a Household Bank card with a liberal credit limit, and a three-hundred-back line of security protection to obviate the hassles of lost business checks.

Inside the company, the Household planner refers with great delivery to their target customers as "Joe Sexpack and his family." The marketing pitch they offered to new locations included a slide of a headline commanding that if you aren't loaded, traditional bankers won't let you like you're loaded.

But if you aren't loaded, how will your banker make any money off you—especially if he gives away so many services that other banks charge for? Well, if you're run one of the most successful old-fashioned finance companies in Chicago for decades (Finance companies lend money to people as need as rates somewhere between the prime rate and that of the smart-est loan shark, the

business are usually people who have to "accommodate" debt or who can't get credit elsewhere. They know that there is a lot of money to be made in lending lots of average people money. Unsurprisingly, it's not his big money money off the credit card and the overvalued protection racket, and if HTC is any guide, it will make more money that way, because average people who get loans feel incredibly loyal to the lending institution that treated them when they were a little strapped.

There is advice that for all my own upholding of the demonstration of financial services, view the possibility of "Garry Shyft" (Kendall) as being more of a risk with significance. For one thing, some banks will never buy all the information. There's something more fascinating to the age about selling bonds that you run the Chase Manhattan Bank than that you manage Lee's House of London. Even since I've seen Lee's House.

PLAN Plan

FRED is about to add another acreage to the list of creative home buying, and lenders will be beginning to lend it: the FLARM (price-based-adjusted mortgage). With a fixed-rate mortgage, you might own 30,

preferred interest, which serves the most interest—the bank's contracted profit—as well as the estimated inflation over the life of the mortgage. (An adjustable-rate mortgage has the same principle—it's the taking out a new fixed-rate mortgage every year at the prevailing interest rate.) The PLAIN, on the other hand, plays inflation out of the world of projection. You pay a fixed rate of real interest on a principal that is adjusted for inflation every year. PLAINs can be listed for a younger couple: monthly payments start small and grow over time, along with that couple's earnings. Of course, in terms of purchasing power, payments also don't change at all.



In 1753, the renegade Cluny MacTavish was tried and convicted of stealing a bottle of Drambuie. And the lesser charge of murdering the coachman.



As with most legends, the details here may have grown fuzzy with the years. But one thing remains crystal clear: Drambuie is the unique liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. So it has a taste that people would kill for. Drambuie, Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1845.

Drumbeats. The stuff legends are made of

Turned a pile of discarded explosives in the U.S. where legal call 1-800-226-4373





THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

Shut Up and Show Us Your Rates

By Glenn Eichler

WHEN LAST WE checked in with our snooty rate attorneys general one year ago, they had just moved out but under the surface their devious advertising ploys were no longer to be tolerated. The National Association of Attorneys General (NAAG) had formalized and adopted a series of "Guidelines for Air Travel Advertising" demanding honesty in the presentation of such things as discount-line availability, hidden price surcharges, and rate changes in frequent-flyer programs. Although these edicts have challenged the rules in U.S. district courts, the courts have for the most part complied.

Now it's the consumer's turn. A few weeks after this article goes to press, NAAG is expected to adopt a series of

guidelines that could well do for the consumer what the law so did for the airline passengers.

The attorneys general want the rate people to be up-front about pricing, to clearly display the total cost of travel in their print ads instead of relegating add-on-like mandatory fuel surcharges and airport access fees to the "fine print" at the bottom of the page. They want mail pricing to be reflected in computer reservation systems too. They don't want claims to advertise national spreads unless it proves to the brochure buyer's credit and they want consumer and discount availability rights there in black and white, and they don't want to see the words "limited seating" unless there is actually and unequivocally no mileage charges. They want to see the price of collision damage

waivers listed in ads (although what they really like, as they've asked for the record, is for the rates to follow the lead of Illinois and New York and ban the waiver completely).

As was the case with the national advertising guidelines, the Federal Trade Commission has told NAAG that it may be overstepping its bounds—that as guidelines, while well intentioned, may hurt free-market competition, that enforcement may be problematic, and that the state's acting in concert in this matter may be unconstitutional. Although NAAG is not a federal agency and therefore has no enforcement clout other than on a state-by-state basis, the FTC's protest against the FTC's complaints when they were leveled against the airline guidelines, and they're ignoring them now.

Perhaps the most telling reaction from the FTC came just a few weeks after it made those comments—when the agency itself suddenly began cracking down on car rental abuse, enforcing strict compliance with budget and Alamo that banned the rental chains from engaging in certain deceptive practices while allowing them to avoid admitting guilt. The timing of it all made the FTC resemble the guy who starts bragging he will become a lawyer after he has the alien.

As for the rate control chains themselves, they claim to support the guidelines, as every dog has its day. There's a lot of talk about how the guidelines will be good for the consumer, in color, in print. Generally, such claims in brochures in supporting these guidelines rather lack teeth when shown on their own particular place in the purchase, and opposed to the ones that happen to help competitors. So although I myself truly believe that the consumer should have all travel costs in a new list and really, really want to see his board, it's not to help the rate guidelines just in case they, you know, slip up. And remember, I mean. **E**

TRAVEL HOTLINE

Nice Place You Got Here

American Airlines will spend a cool \$1 billion to construct a new terminal that will enable Delta-Tart World to handle more passengers than O'Hare. The Federal Aviation Administration is looking to \$100 million (subject to congressional approval) to build new runways. Completion is expected in two or three years, at which time, according to American officials, the new terminal will allow the carrier to shift flights to DFW from Chicago, St. Louis, and Memphis.

The First Shall Be Last, or Something

SAS has announced that since from most transatlantic flights, it is now that shows off those Scandinavian-made multi-paned glass lightings. Point out: the airline contends that its business class is the equivalent of other carriers' first class. Point two: It doesn't want its business travelers thinking there's a more important class of passenger. The aircraft company's policies bar many executives from flying first anyway. This way they can look the best SAS has at all without breaking any rules.

MERCURY

PULSE-QUICKENING COMFORT.



INTRODUCING A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT MERCURY COUGAR.

We did more than give Cougar a sleek, new exterior. Much more. We gave it a longer wheelbase for a more comfortable ride. And an all-new suspension design with a lower, wider stance for greater stability and control. Plus now, speed-sensitive variable-assist power steering for improved road "feel" and control at highway speeds. Inside, it was obviously designed by people who know that cars are for driving. Experience the comfort and control of a Mercury Cougar at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer today. For more Cougar information, call 1-800-822-9292.



Quality is Job 1.

"Have you ever wished your magazine ad could talk? Ever dreamed of getting a second chance to sell customers tempted by your

AN WE TALK?

print ad with another sales pitch over the phone, maybe one with up-to-date statistics, irresistible incentives, even a few testimonials? Well, get ready for some good news."

In June of this year, Esquire will begin offering Esquire Access, a new touch-tone ad program that does all that and a whole lot more. Esquire Access—which operates 24 hours a day, 7 days a week—picks up where your print ad leaves off. It increases your exposure, gives your ad new dimension, and provides a little market research along the way.

HERE'S HOW THE PROGRAM WORKS



For Information Only
Call 1-800-879-4477

See that symbol? Picture it at the bottom of your ad. When a reader sees it and calls the toll-free number listed there, he hears a 30-second customized message. (You can write it yourself or let Esquire do it for you.) Here's what happens next:

- 1 the caller leaves his name and address and asks for further information; and/or
- 2 he punches in his zip code to find the nearest retail outlet for your product; and/or
- 3 he punches a number that transfers him to a flesh-and-blood person who can help him.

And it doesn't stop there. Each week you also receive mailing labels with the names, addresses, and phone numbers of those customers who were interested enough to call.

If you'd like to participate in this new program, pick up the phone yourself and ask your Esquire rep for the details. Esquire will take it from there.

ATLANTA 404-598-2889
CHICAGO 312-964-4126

DETROIT 313-649-8882
NEW YORK 212-489-7580

LOS ANGELES 213-456-4711
SAN FRANCISCO 415-493-3919



HAMILTON CLASSIC EDITIONS PROUDLY PRESENTS THE WILSHIRE *City Edition*

From the moment it was introduced in 1939, the Wilshire "City Edition" became an instant success. Its elegant design and its usually careful attention to detail captivated everyone who saw it. And while many would agree, today the original Wilshire is highly sought after and nearly impossible to find.

It is for this reason that the Hamilton Watch Company is offering you the special opportunity to own this distinguished time and beauty. The Wilshire is the fourth in a series of reproductions designed and produced by the Hamilton Watch Company. The previous ones sold out shortly after they became available.

Each timepiece is shipped in a deluxe presentation box. A very special value, this distinctive watch is offered at just \$297, each payable in convenient monthly installments.

THE HAMILTON GUARANTEE

Since its inception over 90 years ago, Hamilton has set the standard for design and production excellence. And while time goes on, our standards for excellence have never varied. It is with great pride that we offer you the Wilshire City Edition. If for any reason you are not delighted with your acquisition, you may return it within 30 days in the condition in which it was received.



CLASSIC AUTOMATIC
SWISS MOVEMENT

A PERFECT REPRODUCTION

Because of the outstanding success of the Wilshire in the 40's, the original designs were soon being cloned for retail success. In order to protect a truly historic reproduction, Hamilton has recast the dies from the original watch.

Each Hamilton watch is carefully handcrafted on Lancaster Precision tools today and in the same way that the originals were. The Wilshire is an accurate design replica of the original 1939 Hamilton model. Each watch is individually stamped with a reproduction number and retined as to its authenticity.

The elegantly rounded case is filled with a rare and swinging spring to ensure considerably to your wrist. The white dial and "Date Window" elements are handcrafted by a distinctive closed watch track. The case is made of a separate second steel at a clock.

The Wilshire ladies' model has been redesigned for the feminine wrist in the style of the original Wilshire at a companion to the men's watch.

TRADITIONAL QUALITY



Designed to fit up to 1 1/2 inch
per inch wrist size.

Just as impressive as the watch is the tradition of Swiss gold. Hamilton is pleased to continue this tradition today by engraving the initials of your choice on the case prior to its final assembly.

The case is finely finished with 5 carats of 21 karat yellow gold. The Wilshire City Edition introduces an significant improvement over the original watch—a precisely accurate Swiss Quartz movement for greater accuracy and dependability.

Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa. © 1989 Hamilton Company (HCO)

Offer \$2.97 shipping handling.

Hamilton Company
400 North Main Street
Lancaster, Pa. 17602

For Further Details Call Toll Free 1-800-377-4334

Please send me: ☐ Hamilton Wilshire City Edition watch set.

Model: ☐ Ladies' ☐ Men's

Initials to be engraved on back:

Name:

Address:

City/State/Zip:

Payment: ☐ Bill me later ☐ Bill me now

Design with a unique quality. 100% satisfaction or your money back.

Hamilton Co. ☐ Hamilton Co. ☐ Hamilton Co.

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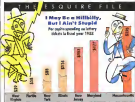
INSURANCE

Health Costs: What, Me Worry?

MEDICAL COSTS are skyrocketing at a pace that's out of control. The average cost of a major medical claim is \$10,000 to \$15,000, and the cost of a major medical claim is rising at a rate of 10% to 15% per year. The average cost of a major medical claim is rising at a rate of 10% to 15% per year. The average cost of a major medical claim is rising at a rate of 10% to 15% per year.

In 1989, companies were hit with an 18.1 percent increase in group health care plans. That's one of the reasons they should have the previous year, the design of the plan is critical. The design of the plan is critical. The design of the plan is critical.

Not only will companies be paying for more health care, but they will also be paying for more health care. The design of the plan is critical. The design of the plan is critical. The design of the plan is critical.



plans—possibly several types of HMOs and several traditional indemnity plans with different deductibles. For instance, your company might allow you to choose a "flex credit" to pay for its premium health plan. If you choose less complete coverage at less expense, you pocket the difference or perhaps even use it as a better dental plan. If you want a Fidelity Flexplan-based plan, you can't leave until you figure out what the company has really done to decrease health benefits from the actual cost of health care. It's conceivable the company will agree to what they order have gone up expenses and, consequently, the cost of any health plan to the firm, 15 percent.

Fortunately, some of the flex's flexibility can work to the employee's advantage as well. Some insurance benefits may limit the maximum coverage for both husband and wife in individual. Subsequently flexible plans can sometimes be combined to reap the most employee coverage. If one spouse already has private coverage, the other may have the option to drop any health insurance, thus reducing the cost to the credit. Most companies will, however, demand proof of this wonderful other coverage being as good for employees who are finding themselves lucky or broke as you.

Most flex plans include one other maddening feature, the Flexible Spending Account (FSA). The employee may put some of his pretax savings into an account that he may draw upon to pay out-of-pocket medical expenses—the deductible or co-payment, say. He should take care not to exhaust more than these expenses, though, he loses the money at the end of the year, just like any insurance.

In sum, the company can make choices as the best that when it comes to health insurance, he will have more choices, even if most of them are more expensive. That is, after all, the essence of individualism. **E**

FINANCIAL HOTLINE



Small Planet Investing

Pro tip: If you have two good ideas, international diversification and small-company stocks, then you can have one big idea. Two new funds invested in foreign small-company stocks, T. Rowe Price's International Discovery Fund and Review Management Corporation's European Grouping Companies Fund, have minimum investments low enough to attract even modestly endowed big thinkers (\$2,000 and \$500, respectively).

Quick'n'Dirty Checking

The Fidelity Site Fund has a new service of its state-of-the-art-for-computer-portfolio-checking program, Quick'n'Dirty 2. Let you balance your checkbook and fix your expenditures by category or project to double the life of ten times. With Number 2, you can expedite your credit card charges as well.

GET A FREE CAN OF CONSORT. HAIRSPRAY.

And Your Current Brand Will Be History.

We're sure that once you try Consort Hairspray, you'll never go back to your old brand. Why? Consort leaves your hair looking and feeling natural, without stickiness. And Consort gives great style and long-lasting hold for a lot less money. That's why almost one out of every two cans of men's hairspray sold is Consort. So join the smart men who use Consort and get your first can free!



SWITCH TO CONSORT! FREE TRAVEL SIZE OFFER
To receive your first Consort Aerosol can, simply clip out this offer, fill in your name and address, and mail it to: Consort Hairspray, P.O. Box 1000, New York, NY 10108. Offer good while supplies last.

To receive your first Consort Aerosol can, simply clip out this offer, fill in your name and address, and mail it to: Consort Hairspray, P.O. Box 1000, New York, NY 10108. Offer good while supplies last.

My current brand is _____

The L.P.C. Code number on the back of the package is: _____

Please send me a travel size (4.2 oz.) can of Consort Hairspray.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

NOTE: This offer is good only on the first can of Consort Hairspray. Offer good while supplies last. Offer good only on the first can of Consort Hairspray. Offer good while supplies last.

AND I SAW THEM, flying over the hill like thunder, excitedly pouncing and swooping, newly minted from the schools of the Decade. Lisa and the blond blonde and the Great Northwest and even the head-blondette, opposite of the great nose, and each did better to be in person, with colors that would not move these monks, and even that long-necked, and puffed-out beak that held up pins that were full once bawling with salary plus bonus. And they were surface level, and nice, and darkness was on the face of the day.

And while this scene was upon me, I figured that before these sleek disciples simply called themselves over my premises into the great gray world of their choice, they might like to hear the lowdown, for what it's worth. Read and consider, then, you of the vulgar demographics who seek a better life.

You shall never know how weird you truly are. Oh, you shall feel plenty strange, straited into that monkey suit, concealing whole chunks of your step and person, but the full respect of your misadventured self? Forget about it.

You shall have no job security, got used to that idea right away. If you work very hard and reach over a certain level of mutual management somewhere, you may achieve a purchase, but management is not labor, lack. You're too successful and smart to belong to a union. So you can be fired anytime.

You shall become cynical about going to work for a living, in opposition to those who charge people to work for a living, and come to believe in your right to pay them better, sell their wares, and fire them.

You shall deal with pins on a daily basis, and come to like pins, and, if you are very lucky, become one of them. If you do, you shall be found to be misquoting as a discipline, genius, and diverse young people shall you are too old for that role, or



THE STRATEGIST

Where I'm At Right Now

By Stanley Ding

which some you must masquerade as a thoughtful, responsible, and crazy old square.

You shall have no friends, only a really strange family made up of various various parental units, among younger cousins, and a whole lot of scribbles. All your relationships shall be filtered through the state of Rhode. Think you have a true friend in senior management? Try getting under his skin or some point, the way you would with a real job, you know? See what happens.

You shall never be satisfied with your money, your bonus, your perks, not even if they are too insignificant proportions. If they are too small, say, less than \$10,000 a year at age forty-two, you shall feel you never really had the big life and you like less a woman if they're way up there, you're a slave to the society who never gets to see a

person he loves, other than himself. So if someone's human bonds are likely to be important to you in these years in the future, think about farming. If they're not, you're at the right line of work, I've.

You shall have too many cars, all of them of the same color. You shall drive 75 percent more often than a math should be found in.

You shall use virtually none of your education, unless you have an M.B.A. instead. There's a paid choice that no matter how many the Beta Kappa keys you earned or not, you'll report to a cultural climate who were in Wharton by way of the University of Bermuda Exotic.

You shall deal with a vast imitations of numbers, all of which exclude reason, and you shall come to have contempt for them, and a smile dashed in anything

appending outside a checklist, since you shall quickly learn that all situations, no matter how dire, can be managed and to come out the better end of the game.

You shall laugh at jokes that are apparently not funny, until one day you find them so, and

**You shall
deal with jerks, and
if you're very
lucky, become one
of them.**

are released from wackiness via stupidity.

You shall phrase the depths of emotional being and nothingness, for most of the things you must write, meetings you must attend, and conversations you must have are meaningless, unless they say desperation.

For much of what you do, if you are successful in this, the last act part of the century, shall pertain to the buying and selling of events and people, not the creation and sale of products and services. That's not the way it is, man. And you'll better like it.

And finally, brother, my bet is that you shall always dream of what might have happened had you joined the circus—unless you become so magnificently huge that you have to either be some extraordinary or you are told the one theoretical baseball card, was two eggs worth to hook a worm, and played the ocean as you read because he had no talent in any thing else.

Only one in a million reaches that disorganized zone. The rest of us, wherever we live, are driven, wherever lesser vibrations we can afford, wherever cars and women we drive, well, we're just in business, that's all.

Blessed is he that reads this, and he that keeps the words of this card, and keeps these things that are written here, for the same is as good as lost, even if what it's really all about, gets

Make it count. ☐

What is the best way to invest \$3?

- In the stock market
- In one square inch of real estate
- In a 10 minute call during the day with AT&T Long Distance*



It costs surprisingly little for the service you deserve. For the facts on prices, call 1-800-225-7466 Ext. 4011.

*Based on one minute standard rates and taxes and applicable surcharges.



The right choice.

Chevy S-10 Blazer

The logic.

Chevy S-10 Blazer delivers the goods like a wagon and delivers passengers like a car. But it also delivers adventure like nothing you've ever driven. It's the most popular vehicle of its kind.

Blazer gives you anti-lock, near brakes when you're in 2WD, for added confidence. You can choose the 4.3L Vortec V6, the biggest available engine in its class. And new Preferred Equipment Groups can save you up to \$1,800 based on MSRP of option packages versus popular options purchased separately.

Possibly no other vehicle says so much about you. Even at the shopping center, Blazer looks like you just got back from the Palagris. And for all people know, maybe you did. Because Blazers have explored roads, trails and dreams from the equator to the pole. Going all out for fun in these legendary places ordinary cars can never take you.

When you have an S-10 Blazer in your driveway, every day's an adventure.

Call 1-800-4-A-CHEV for details. Chevy S-10 Blazer is a registered trademark of GM Corp. © 1993 GM Corp. All rights reserved.



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THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA

TODAY'S CHEVY TRUCK™

The laughter.





Man Power

FOUR FOR THE SHOW

Dean Tavoularis

Production Designer

The idea is a gift. It comes or it doesn't. But many creative people feel because they lack the organizational ability to transform an idea into reality, the way production designer Dean Tavoularis does for a living. And while his name may not be familiar outside the film industry, everyone knows his work—he's the man responsible for the look of some of the most memorable films of the last quarter century: *Gladiator* and *Elvis*. The *Gladiator* Little Big Man, *Apocalypse Now*, and, recently, *Tucker and the Dalek Experiments* of *Star Trek: Enterprise*. "My job is about 90 percent idea," says the Massachusetts-born son of Greek immigrants, "and 10 percent making it happen." That involves meticulously planning every detail of every scene in a movie before anything goes before a camera. What we finally see on film, he has already seen, over and over again, in his mind.



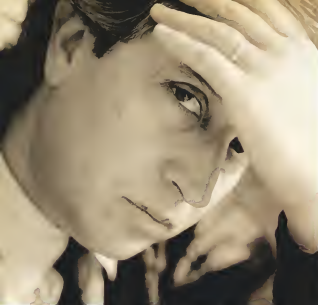
Giorgio Armani

Fashion Designer

It's not exactly moonlighting, and he's certainly not looking for a career change. When Giorgio Armani designs costumes for the movies, it's because he's attracted by the ability to possibilities of working with a particular director, actor, or actress. The results have been memorable. In *American Gigolo*, Richard Gere was

the embodiment of "the Armani look," an contemporary as timeless as time. When he worked with director Oliver Stone on *The Untouchables*, historical authenticity was paramount. Armani claims that working on *Elvis* has influenced his thinking about new shapes and technical solutions. In *Gladiator*, he

mainly it is just plain fun. "Designing for cinema is delightful, because it allows me to do things that I can't normally do with my collection," he says. "It is also less disappointing, because I am not the person responsible for everything and can be more of a 'yes-man.'" Looks good from here.



Vittorio Storaro

Cinematographer

Imagine how this would sound in Italian: "The cinema is a symphony played by animals, each one playing its own personal tune under the direction of a single conductor, who experiences the music in his soul." What Vittorio Storaro means is that understanding is "cinematic art," in which the people involved are con-

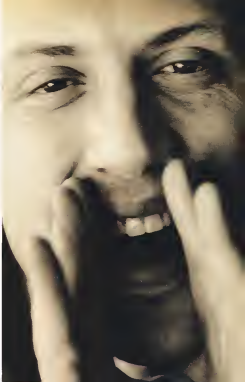
scious of the final work. He is the cinematographer of choice for two of the most creative institutions in the movie business, Francis Ford Coppola and Bernardo Bertolucci, and he has three Oscars standing as his reward: For Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, Bertolucci's *The Last Emperor*, and Warner Bros.'s

Star 80. Most recently he has helped Scotti Brundage find *Easy to Be Alone* off. Storaro thinks that this is a language made up of images, through which the interplay of light and shadow translates the same message as the actors' words. For him this is, in the end, the music of sound and light.

Mark Isham

Composer

Music's music can be as dominant as the theme from *The Godfather* or as background as a suspense genre is. Whatever the case, to Mark Isham it has one purpose, and one alone: to help the director convey his message. So it was in *Dead City Walk*, his first score, as it is in *La Jolene*, his most recent, when he has no doubts about music's independence and ultimate artistic control in the medium, which is why he's so careful to work with directors who genuinely appreciate his own musical contributions. He gets back what other directors treat as a private watch of music and silence: "When they say, 'Give me a musical crash when she leaves her room,'" But he tries to accommodate because he recognizes who's boss. Which means him to reflect, seriously enough, on the highest level there: "What if I don't like the he is in there. That way I could put the images and music together from the ground up." (Which means, Isham means so many other kids, why not the director's as well?)





Shipping. In France you are obliged to tape the handling, the fishermen, and the delivery box, but not the winter, even if





WE FLY TO
ABERDEEN, ABUJAH,
ABU DHABI, ACCRA,
ADELAIDE, AMMAN,
AMSTERDAM,
ANCHORAGE,
ANKARA, ANTIGUA,
ATHENS, ATLANTA
AND AUCKLAND.
AND THAT'S ONLY
THE BEGINNING.

As close as an unfolding array of destinations abroad. The more convenient services available on any airline. And an abundance of additional amenities—in the airport and afloat. British Airways. All the best from Aberdeen to Zurich.

BRITISH AIRWAYS
The world's most awarded airline

The Esquire Express Traveler

PARIS

Our Credo

We, the perpetually, live in the age of the short trip. In and out: three, four, five days, for business or pleasure. So little time. So many choices. Oh, the vicissitudes of travel! It is to the fullest realization of the all-too-brief modern voyage that The Esquire Express Traveler is dedicated.

IF YOU THOUGHT the fireworks and the romantic feeling of our biannual were over, you'll have no problem if you go to Paris this summer and walk into the middle of the two-hundredth anniversary of their revolution. You'll know how to handle the mill riots, parades, and other ceremonial phenomena. This is fortunate, because no one in France has a firm idea of how they ought to feel about it.

Was Minister of Culture Jack Lang right to spend four billion francs on the bicentennial, even before it began—or wait a couple, too little, too late? Did television host Yves Montreau deserve to be fired from the TF1 network for staging a mock trial of Louis XVI, or which the king was acquitted by a crushing majority of viewers, voting through their home Minitel terminals? And what of the incident in Fiume early this year when three riotous attacked singer Helene Deschamps with Mace during a recital of Republican songs? The Revolution here, it turns out, isn't so much a settled historical event as a family rowdier that every so often erupts into a scene.

So while the frenzied and footloose play out around you, use this guide to visit Paris without losing your head.



GLANTHROP. Glantthrop is more than just a drink. It's a lifestyle. Because you've chosen, they'll appreciate it. It's how you taste and the sweetest of your mouth.

CHINIS. For those with a taste for the good things in life, give them a "White Label." It's good to have never tasted.

SAMBUCA ROMANA. Sambuca is a gift of good fortune—Sambuca. Sambuca. Adding these colors to a drink is good luck. Sambuca. Giving good fortune can be as easy as giving a glass of Sambuca.

DEAN'S. It's been known for Father's Day gift. It's the liquor beyond with wild honey. Scotch in style, distinctive in taste. It's a Scotch since 1785.

BENY. The highest quality, most perfectly balanced VSOP in the world. Its superb color and taste reflect the blending of grapes grown only in the two finest regions of France.

WINE & SPIRITS

OLD GRANTHROP. When you give the man who helped you through life's rough spots a bottle of smooth Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Give Him Old Grant-Throp.

LA GRANDE PASSION. A sensual blend of French cognac and passion fruit. Made for the pleasure of your palate and the passion in your life.

THE MACALLAN. The best-selling single-malt in the Scottish Highlands. The Macallan is the only Scotch today significantly in stock makes that once held glory.

FINLANDIA. Finlandia is a super premium imported vodka from Finland. It offers a pure, clean and smooth taste and is the best quality in imported vodkas.

ACHILLE WALKER BLACK. The best way to show your father that you understand his great taste and appreciation of fine things.

TANGURRAY. The perfect gift for Dad's company who would love to own a bottle.

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Esquire
JUNE 1989

Famous First Words

Hey! Sean Penn, Donald Trump, Harold Brodkey—read this twice and call us in the morning ~

By Nora Ephron

HERE IS WHAT INTERESTS ME about Donald Trump: He wants to be famous. He wants people to talk about him. He wants people to notice him. He wants people to write about him. He wants people to ask him for autographs and recognize him and invade his privacy; not that he seems to have any privacy, he doesn't even seem to have a single solitary thought he manages to keep to himself, so perhaps there's no privacy to invade. Perhaps that's the secret. Who knows? It doesn't matter. I tip my hat to Donald Trump, because except for an occasional charlie moment he seems to be genuinely enjoying the experience of fame in a way that no one in his right mind ever does, and the fact that he therefore seems not to have any angst or intelligence or taste whatsoever is beside the point. *The man has adapted.*

Well, maybe he hasn't. Maybe he has spent his whole life waiting for the light to shine on him. But look at him: look how happy he is in his Trumpdom; look how manly he floats in his Trumpdom; look how brightly he wallows in his

Trumpdom. You just can't imagine how winning, or compelling, about any of it, you can't imagine how exciting to be treated as if he were a normal person (if he ever was one). That's the glory of Trump: you'll never find him behaving like other famous people. You know the guys I mean, the fame victims who are constantly complaining about The Press You Knew. They're constantly trying to tell you they don't want any of it, they're constantly behaving as if all this happened to them by accident, they're constantly insisting that they bleed like everyone else and their coats look like everyone else's and they have feelings like everyone else. They don't get it at all. They're not like everyone else. They're famous. They check into hotels and there are Belgians chocolate waiting on their beds. They go to movies and they don't have to stand in a line. They get invited to wonderful parties, the kind you have wasted your entire life to be invited to, and then they don't even go; if they don't feel like it. Do they tell you about that? Do they mention the Concorde? Do they remark that there is a special room for famous people at the Department of Motor Vehicles? No, indeed. They're too busy complaining among themselves about

the downside, and proceeding to the rest of the world where they are exactly the same people they always were.

THERE ARE FIVE STAGES of fame: denial, anger, negotiation, acceptance, and death. These stages are not totally the same as the five stages of terminal illness.

YEARS AGO, it was possible to achieve a level of celebrity somewhere beneath the level of notoriety fame. A pleasant level of celebrity if you will, the kind that guaranteed you a reservation in a top restaurant, a level of celebrity where you were known. This is the level of fame George Annas is apparently offering to in a new magazine called *Fame*. "Fame," he says, "is being in a foreign country, being a star, getting up, and the crowd already knows your name." If you believe George Annas, still taken aback, you'll believe denials the reason the crowd knows your name, George, is that he's a famous case doctor, and your name's written on the voucher.

But these days, because of the huge public appetite for gossip and the vast amounts of print space and broadcasting time devoted to the subject, the sort of person who might never have been heard of in the past and who is not even particularly interesting—a writer, television executive, agent, editor, local editor

the underbelly, right into the main. Some stars look back on how they were made famous, now ready to follow up by making him and making his life a misery. They'll print anything whether it's true or not, nothing personal, that's how it is, they have space to fill, nobody asked you to become famous so don't blame them, what goes up must come down and the sooner the better.

These journalists are the primary reason why famous people go so angry. The famous person in the Second Stage of fame has lost control of his character, he's making him so mad that he feels no knowledge (1) that he wanted to be famous in the first place and (2) that there is anything good about being famous, like, for instance, being rich, which often accompanies it. The famous person in the second stage behaves as if he were an innocent in this great city in San Francisco who saved Gerald Ford's life and thus became the only private fame victim of our time. If you ask a famous person in the Second Stage, "If you ever wanted to be famous, what were you doing on *The Tonight Show*?" he will answer that he did it only because his publicist told him he should, and thus he will go on to talk about how miserable and incomprehensible journalists are (which he is right about, but no one ever knows because he so clearly has

out. Publishers like to tell clients that there is something called second publicity, and that it can be had as a result of carefully orchestrated charitable episodes. The pioneer publicist in that story was a man named by Lee, who came to John D. Rockefeller that day when around himself was down to little children, the press would spend his reputation as an oil prodigy.

The famous person that can't be good. His publicist hopes is that he will log something on the credit side of the ledger, something that will keep the hordes from looking through his garbage, something that will make that the next series who is tempted to take a peek at him will be turned off by the administration for his good works. Years ago, the most effective way for a celebrity to clock himself in goodness was to buy a house down, particularly one that was almost a shanty, but after a while all the lesser doctors were taken, and famous people were forced to move on to other things, donating \$20 million to the Mexico police, for instance, providing low-cost housing for the homeless (particularly mostly among unpopular and racist developers), becoming South Africa, counseling AIDS patients, raising underprivileged children to baseball games, and, on the personal side, adopting an Asian orphan. Perhaps the most brilliant of the current forms of doing good is the stock concert for charity, which arose in the wilderness of the participant while some less successful musician, his time.

A movie star in the Third Stage of fame does not necessarily have to give money away to charity, he can choose to raise money from all donations—namely, making in the theatre, preferably in a limited run of a play about the Vietnam War.

WE SHOULD probably take special note here of Jack Nicholson, who is the epitome of the man who has learned to accept fame. Here is how Nicholson does it. He continues to work on his own terms, he lets them take his picture. He keeps his dark glasses on and

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Ihe moment a person ceases to be obscure he is catapulted straight into the big time, and after only a minute or two of the good stuff, he's looking directly at the underbelly, into the maw.

Developers, an investment banker—can find himself suddenly famous. And he discovers, to his shock, that a Mand, please: form of fame like the one Ayn Rand speaks of so long years, the moment a person ceases to be obscure he is catapulted straight into the big time, and then only a minute or two of the good stuff, and then only five or six minutes of denial, he's looking directly at

as is to gradually have many people see (which he is also right about), and how he never wanted to be famous, he only wanted to be successful (which he is wrong about, the truth is, he wanted to be famous but he didn't want to pay the price for it).

A famous person in the second phase of the Second Stage has photographs.

THE TRANSITION from the Second Stage to the Third Stage of fame—negotiation—is usually accomplished with the aid of a public

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gives them their smile. When the photographs have shot more pictures of him than they can possibly sell, he sends them and lets them shoot more pictures. Several days pass in this manner. Hundreds more pictures are taken of Jack Nicholson going in and out of opening events and restaurants and hotels. Finally the photographers have enough pictures of Jack Nicholson, and he goes on his life track.

"I ASSOCIATE BEING recognized with being dead," says Harold Brodkey. You know who Harold Brodkey is—the man of letters, the famous author of the most famous unpublished novel of our time. Can this Harold Brodkey be the same Harold Brodkey who was recently featured, along with his wife, in a *People* magazine? Can this be Harold Brodkey, actually posing for a picture in *People* magazine while having his hair cut in his kitchen? Can this be Harold Brodkey, telling the writer *People* that he and his wife are so dependent on one another that they have made a decision to be buried in a double coffin? Is this your idea of discretion, Harold? Is this your idea of looking your light under a bush? And what is a double coffin anyway, and how does it work? Do you have to be dug up later if you're the one who dies first? Do you have to die simultaneously? Is there a little hatch in the coffin, like the top of a Caissons, a get down to assembly if you will, so that you can add what's left of the other person later on and mix them all up together in a big bag and bed in the ground? I don't know, but I keep to find out, and I find out that I will, particularly if I keep reading *People* magazine, where Brodkey's remarks on recognition and death appeared. Meanwhile, I salute Harold Brodkey for being the first man to attain the Fifth Stage of fame while still alive.

"HEY, LIFE IS LIFE," says Donald Trump. Famous people are your father? "We're here for a short time," he says. The man is a goddamn philosopher. "When we're gone, most people don't care, and in some cases they're quite happy about it." Being famous means you can say things like that and actually get quoted in *Time* magazine. What more is there to say? So pull up your socks, famous people. Smile at the bus. Your life is no longer your own. Big deal. Who do you think you are, anyway? What right do you have? The public has a right, not you. You asked for it, and here it is. Stop right up. There is a calamity—there's a Turkish proverb and it's as old as the hills. So here's a drink. Enjoy the party. The table's set, so you might as well have the last laugh. ☐

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IT'S ALMOST SCARY

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IT'S HIMSELF ~

IT IS 8:30 IN THE MORNING in Manhattan, and a black stretch limousine is sauntering downtown through the empty week-end streets. The air is crisp outside, and the windows of the car are too foggy to see through. Inside, it's warm. Robin Williams wraps his arms around his fiancée and nuzzles with her in the backseat.

"Thanks," he says, and kisses her neck. He is still flushed from being onstage. She is five months pregnant, and the evening has been a long

one—first a play, then dinner, then Caroline's at the Sorsport, where Williams joined an old friend and fellow comic onstage, then a Favier at Catch a Rising Star, and finally, at 3:00 A.M., a half-hour set at Comedy New York. The credits in the crowded club were getting to Monica, so she went out to the limo to wait.

"You okay?" he asks her now. "I was worried about you."

Monica smiles. "Fine," she says. "You."

"Yeah, I really needed it."

"I know you'd want to kick our shoes."

"Yeah, bring up there with Rick before get me all geared. But I'm done now."



"Mmm," Martha says, and he takes her hand.

The Marky Moose ring that he wears on his pinkie finger clicks against her diamond band.

TWO NIGHTS EARLIER: "Ladies and gentlemen—Robin Williams."

Paul Simon has made the introduction, following speeches by Andrew and Mimi Caeson about the hospital's efforts for whom this benefit has been organized. And the night, resplendent, \$2,000-a-plate \$2,000-irrespective audience goes absolutely apoplectic. Even the jaded women look up. There are nearly a thousand people in the Imperial Ballroom of the Sheraton-Cornell, and not one of them will have to try to make conversation anymore.

Even Williams' out is fairly tonight: a easy single-breasted with bombasties crunched in bright red, green, and blue. He is wearing a shirt that with significant down humor, and don't's no point trying to describe his tie. He is all the stage and down among the round, sparkling tables made a nuisance. "Let's see what wine they got you for a thousand dollars a pop.... Hmmm... New York wine it grows anywhere in America must be lovely peach, Chateaufort, nice to have you here.... Don't be afraid... HA-HA Table 45..." He grabs the numbered card from its metal stand

to know that my wife left me....", Jimmy Swagart, captain, the Apostle. His open air no different from those of a hundred comedians taking the stage in a hundred comedy spots around the country tonight. But as anyone knows who's ever watched him do stand-up, there is a speed, a tickle, an intensity, and an intelligence about him that make what are his to other comedians seem like improvisations to him.

He shakes the guy handling the follow spot, then looks back up at the beam of light, waging the five names from *Chair Encounters*. He does Marvin Kach in knee buck. "There is an awareness on Wilbur's head." "He sure is a funny dog." "You know those fall is no everything at handback, is don't know whips." "Fever is French for apertures, coffee is a Betty Ford speedball, seeds are getting out between a new hole in the cone, and God is Bolek Kachman."

There is an eleven-year-old boy named Steve in the audience, he's sitting at a table in the first row. "How old are you?" Williams asks him. "Are you old enough to be here?" He is once a promise about sex in the Nineties. "The situation is, it'll be you... and you. You'll come home after a hard day's work and put on the music that—you like. It'll be something personal, like 'Only Have Eyes for Me.' And if you want

your old William Martin again." Another laugh, but still less. "Save a looking in me like, You should do. You should go to comedy hell. You should go to *The Fox Search* show every night."

Adult in laughter and blue light, Williams is on for about forty-five minutes. "Thank you for helping. We have an interesting President now. Not a joke, and surely most comical...." "Clowns, fools, acrobats, clowns. And then he's off, and the people at the tables adjust their clothes and up their wine and light their cigarettes as if they've just been caught napping. They look at each other nervously. Williams is at the head of comedy that people manage to dance with a glass. Watching him, they become interested. Uniquely, it seems, his arms are less a metaphor than a thousand private conversations.

Paul Simon has seated with the Goodland band for the occasion, and although Williams has almost half an hour to cool down before the movie starts and he can slip unnoticed into his rumpale seat. The music is loud, especially down house, but Mimi Caeson comes over to shake Williams' hand. They chat briefly, Caeson is reaching for Williams' chair, offering congratulations and thanks. Beside him, Martha says to the music:

*A man walks down the street,
He says, Why am I safe on the middle
side.*

*Why am I safe on the middle
The rest of my life is so hard...*

Governor Caeson, back in his seat, is trying to get his foot, rocking out. Everybody is making.

*I need a photo opportunity
I want a shot at redemption
Don't want to end up a cartoon
in a cartoon graveyard....*

Williams is rubbing Martha's back to him to the music. He is leaning down at her, watching the movie, and the look on his face is alternately one of joy and sweet astonishment.

*If you'll be my bodyguard,
I can be your dog but not
I can call you Betty
And Betty where you call me
You can call me M..."*

hears, hoots, screams, shouts. And then he's off, and the people at the tables adjust their clothes and sip their wine as if they've just been caught naked.

and holds it to his chest. "Imagine in the airport a driver going, 'Please.' The audience is roaring.

He moves through the crowd like a crazy scorchlight, throwing off heat and downward attention. Bangs, Bash, Quyle ("Some people are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them, and others get greatness as a graduation present"), New York, Tring, lawyer, pilot ("Before me take off I just want you...")

Uma Gerswald is features editor of Esquire.

WILLIAMS' NIGHT



You get ideas, but not everything will be divinely inspired unless you are one of those chosen few who have that direct line. Some of us have call-waiting."

Question: Would you have stopped going back to church in the 1960s if you'd known he was really with you?
Answer: Maybe. Probably. I just thought, talking about my dick in front of an eleven-year-old child was a little strange. I don't want to be perceived as a clown.
Q: It seemed to slow you down.
A: I don't know. I wish it was then. Last night, I took for about five minutes I was being on all cylinders.
Q: Only five minutes?
A: Really long? Yeah, and it was a gas, and then I felt, "Well, I should get back and do an act," and then it was very ordinary. Ideally I'd like it all to be like that five minutes. I try to expand that time, go as long as I can go! [Dramatically lifts MIND cap.] I want a BIG brain! I want to give MIBS MINDS. But you've got to kick out, go beyond the immediate laugh, the laughter just to be liked. Beyond it is something even more education and inspiring. It's hard, though. Even going into the comedy where you talk about people's perception of God and what drives us and what we have—we go to the point sometimes where even I go, "You're not ready to talk about this. Go back. Talk about your dick some more."
Q: Do you remember the scene in *Amadeus* where Salieri says, "Mozart was just taking direction from God? I think it seems to me that that's not it for you. Is that how it feels?"

you're working, here are some scenes to keep you going.
Q: How much of it do you work at?
A: I don't know. I can't really measure what I have. I know also need to say we do 95 percent of the work, and 5 percent taken you over the top. All that work gets you to the point where you get that one line, that one line inspiration—those five minutes. It all you have to separate the bits from the inspiration. You want to keep something powerful. One of the worst lines in the Vegas production: But you know these kids, God bless 'em. Well I like Bob Hope! God, Ernest, I hear it, don't you folks! That's right, and we are married persons, can't really have me out, I tell you.
IT IS THE MORNING AFTER the benefit, and a local druggist named Howard Stern broadcasts a fake phone call with a fake Martha Gorman. The real Martha and Robin have just announced her pregnancy and their plans to marry when his divorce comes through, so on the air Stern raises the mood in Martha and asks to talk to Robin. Meanwhile, the city is crisp and beautiful, and Robin and Martha spend the morning shopping, alone.
 A little past noon, they show up at the restaurant of the hotel where they're staying. Their checks are paid, and they're smiling, still happy from the evening before—the benefit,

"You didn't hear it yourself?" Williams asks the friend.
 "No."
 Martha looks down, pursing her lips. Her dark eyes look darker.
 "God, it's that money that again," Williams says.
 He is referring, not for the last time, to a year-old English story every that one of the best people had money. He was separated from his wife, Valerie, living with Martha, and afraid to keep his son, Zachary, out of the scene. The article described Williams as a man standing "in the apex of a triangle of tension." It portrayed Martha in a home-wrecking way, Valerie as an emotional wreck, and Zachary, therefore, as the only child victim. "The truth is," Williams says now, "I was separated from my wife for about a year before Martha and I became involved." The article was paid, but didn't say otherwise.
 "The stage track, though," Martha says.
 "I ended up making a play for my son's emotional story," Williams says, "and the reporter came out into the press. That was a grotesque lesson. That was like being snide, hanging outside a window on pretty thin ice. And obviously we're still reaping the benefits of that today." He came to Martha "We'll get a tape of it," he says. "We'll leave."
 The conversation moves to Salween Roshie, Kurt Waldheim, John Irving's new novel. More talk about literary through business world. Williams looks up to find two women go to his side, offering paper and pen.
 "Ms. Williams?"
 He smiles, takes a pen, and signs two careful signatures.
 "Good deal," he says softly, and they leave, still seeming to hold their breath.
 Williams came to Martha, who is leaving about Howard Stern again.
 "Don't they have to eat a chili con carne?" she asks.
 "Well, they're supposed to," Williams says.
 They have ordered one paper of cake to share, but the waiter brings two huge slices.
 "Is that just one piece?" Williams asks.
 "One and a half, Mr. Williams," the waiter says graciously, and goes.
 Q: It seems as if there's this dinner between the famous and the press. I



have to find the real you, and you have to hide the real you, but give me just enough so that I don't.

A: You think, "I got here?" Yeah, it is a desert. It's like two layers doing a rimpol-Uh-oh, you walked away with an anal OHM, look! It's difficult with journalists because they come at thinking, "Well, I've got to find something," and we know. It's like a Bergman film where you're playing Parcheesi with Death.

Q: Do you think about what it would be like if you weren't famous now?

A: I remember I remember these days. I wasn't here before. Look, it's the Baby Jesus! Look, the Three Wise Men! [Laughs] Get in their orbits, don't just stand on the waist, go in the back! [Laughs] I've never been a neighbor! HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THAT? THAT'S AMAZING! [Laughs] I don't know. He's wonderful. He's been playing with letters again, I say. He does a way-way. He just got out there and they come back. Well, I think he's very special. The Bible says he should have a central position, like a serpent. I say, if it might come in handy. He just keeps pushing two boards together. I don't know what that means. No, but I think the Bible I can read a somewhat normal life.

Q: What are the demands?

A: I've got offered a whole lot of money to do a commercial. Which I don't want to do, because that's just pure coercion. But that's the other side of fame, what they dole out with fame. Besides just good tables and money it's. Yes, Mr. Williams.

Q: And the extra price of side.

"It's difficult with journalists because they come in thinking, 'I've got to find something,' and we know. It's like a Bergman film where you're playing Parcheesi with Death."

A: [Laughs] One and a half! One and a half, Mr. Williams! But for the other people, nothing. But the money, that's there to tempt you, that's there to drug you away, but so do you fight through that?

Q: And drugs?

A: That's there to distract you. That's obviously people there to distract you. That's people there who think there is an epidemic. [Laughs] I want to back home. He's a rabbit man. Good luck.

Q: When do you think you got the idea that because a man stands up on a stage and a heavy we have the right to know more about him?

A: I don't know. The standard quote is, "It comes with the territory, it's part of the deal."

Q: I just wonder when the deal was struck.

A: [Laughs] The deal was struck. Me seeing other women? Begging! We don't know. The deal was struck. I don't know. What a people's driving curiosity! Could you say it's my? I don't know.

Q: Is it possible that it's the desire to know that the famous are just like us? That you can't have a drinking problem or pee also—

A: Love letters? I don't know. I guess it comes down to the bottom line of, "What is love?" Why do people make it, believe, and that whole thing? Along with the obvious comes the question of when they see down the deal.

Q: And why have I told if you need to see them down?

A: God. This is—We'll be right back.

EVER SINCE ROBIN WILLIAMS first drank through the top of his finger and rolled off the top of his head as Monk and Henry, he has had other something to live up to or live down. This is another way of saying that he's been famous. He was once-tyrant his first season on the show, and in the eleven years that have passed since then, Williams has made eight films, ranging from the terrible (Chet Chase) to the remarkable (Fanny) to the modestly successful (Moulin on the Moon) to the remarkable (Good Morning, Vietnam). He has been the subject of numerous profiles,

named and named at comedy clubs around the country. In short, he has seldom walked down the street unnoticed.

This afternoon is no different. Even on Madison Avenue, where excitement is usually a more complicated commodity, New Yorkers offer their own form of recognition: they give him a look, a square each other's arms instead of shaking. "Hey look," and possibly with a black belt, they say who they've just seen.

Williams, who believes that you can intentionally attract or deflect that kind of attention, is clearly not trying to attract it today. He wants to get a new belt as Billy Martin's leather ones, pay one Miranda and pay with the children, and then get back to work to spread the afternoon with Zachary.

In the leather store, which is hot and crowded, he takes off his old belt and asks the salesman for a replacement. She underestimates, brings out two options, recommends one when he asks her to, and goes into the back room to transfer the river buckle. Meanwhile, Williams prowls the store, browsing a few items on his list and placed. A woman trying to buy a belt calls to her boyfriend.

"Jeffrey," she says sharply. "I want you to come here for a minute."

Jeffrey walks over.

"Love down," she says.

He loves down.

"Closer."

His ear is an inch away. She breathes,

"Don't look. That's Robin Williams."

Q: What do you think the difference is between attention and love?

A: Sometimes it's weird... Attention can be like a different type of drug. You have that immediate rush. Full attention. Four thousand people in Miami, five thousand people laughing at once. Attention. Fame. But love, deep-seated love—just it's so valuable, it's not just made, it's beyond that, it's solid, it's stable. You find someone and you go, "Oh. We have that." I guess it's so difficult to describe because it's such a strange thing for me. In the past, I didn't separate attention from love. That's what's so strange about fame. To assume that that is love is a pretty strange assumption.

Q: Did the need for it affect the way you performed?

A: I think now I'm finally starting to say, "Fuck it, this is me." In the past I'd do jokes to the audience more because I just wanted that feedback.

Q: How much of that came from your childhood? In the past, when people look at you and a happy childhood, did they see more of it was actually?

A: They probably squinted a little that. For



Christian
Dior

A: Normally, when I've been onstage I've kept it away. But I've talked about Zachary, and it's usually the thing people remember most. The best part. They remember that more than the political stuff.

Q: Personal stuff strikes a deeper chord?

A: Yeah, and I need to work more on that, and if you do that it makes your work richer. That's one part that I think that I'll grow into. That'll give it a depth. If I look at the other stuff, there is an energy and a magic, but it's still kind of being at over the place. To have that thing that Richard [Pryor] has always had, it's so sad that it's scary, that type of thing where you're not just opening a vein, you're basically pulling veins out of your arms. Scary stuff.

THE KATY AND MO SNOW has been playing for a few weeks now at a small off-Broadway theater. A little before 7 p.m. on Sunday night, Robin and Marsha emerge from their usual limousine. It's been only a few hours since Williams' "You and You" episode, and as he walks into the theater, it's clear that he's still searing. The show is second-row center, and Williams looks up eagerly as the lights go down. Kathy and Mo are improvisational actresses, and their show is a compilation of characters and voices and comments on the times. The very first long shot is about two San Diego on-its-on-a-date. This is how it starts:

GUY: That movie was so busy.

BOY: Yeah.

GUY: I think Robin Williams is like, so funny, when he's drunk or something?

BOY: Yeah, that dad's music.

"Normally, when I've been onstage I've kept the pain away. I need to work more on that, and if you do that it makes your work richer. That's one part I think that I'll grow into."

GUY: I just love Mark and Mandy. I think Mandy has got the cutest hair.

The two get laughs in the chorus, but don't last, heads swirl to look at Williams's reactions. He seems simultaneously delighted, embarrassed, and confused.

After the show, Williams waits at last as the housewife goes out to be kissed by Kathy and Mo. They tell him they wrote that he should be after Moscow on the Hudson, Jonathan Winters, it turns out, is a shared dad, Mo confesses to seeing Williams near an airplane, he asks about their HBO special and plays with Kathy's dog.

All evening long, he will recite and praise certain parts of their show.

Q: Are there famous people you feel serious around?

A: Bruce Springsteen, for some reason, I don't know why. Prince Charles, I guess. Meeting Michael Jackson was strange. And Woody Allen and I once rode down stairs in an elevator, both of us looking down at our feet, not saying a word.

Q: Do you feel as if you're in competition with anyone?

A: Do I feel myself going, Goddammit, I've better than him, why's he doing that? I used to do that more. It was really hard for me to sit in an audience and watch other comedians. And obviously comedy's a pretty fucking competitive thing. But I don't really do that now, because I'm pretty much up there. The danger is, do you feel yourself slipping?

Q: You mean, is somebody else going to become "The Foremost Men in America"?

A: Your title alone is scary. I don't want the title.

Q: It matches his party good to see it the first time, though.

A: But it's so fucking much pressure. Especially when they introduce you that way, it's nice. It's not true. There's a million funny guys. And different types of funny.

Q: What about with acting? Do you feel in competition there?

A: Good, I've got so much to learn. Film's just now getting comfortable with.

Q: Is *Good Morning, Vietnam* the one you're proudest of?

A: Good Morning, Vietnam was the most fun. I'm proud of *Moscow on the Hudson*, *Gus*, and this new one I think will be quite extraordinary if it works.

Q: Is your character in *The Dead Poet's Society* closer to you than the others?

A: Yeah, on a deeper philosophical level, yeah. The other day I went running before I performed, and it was so amazing because Central Park is so much and it was just me and the other people headed up running around like moments or just prophylactics. But it was so beautiful and so clear, and here's Central Park, which is kind of like this sanctuary, pretty strange, pretty

dangerous, people going. "Hey Mark, how ya doing?" It made me feel so alive, like everything's running on all cylinders. And the next day it's Howard Stern and the radio machine and you're back in the machine again. For you, the character is the closest thing to me as far as philosophy. I believe everyone has that divine spark.

THIS WAS THE REFRAIN of one of Kathy and Mo's routines. "Hey baby, you look very very pretty damn." It was uttered by Kathy, in a deep southern accent, in a middle-aged guy with an adult appearance dangling from his lips. Williams said it was the first drink he'd ever seen, and now, as he looks down for dinner at Mr. Chow's, he bends over to Marsha and mutters the line into her ear.

She mutters it back, laughing. It's not unusual for her to do stunts with him. And while the winks and helps him offer his seduction growing amounts of ruck and revelation, she quietly insists that he remember where his real life is. Her actress says fairly generously. For her part, she says she'll never thought it would be possible to spend so many hours at a day with one man. She also says she never really thought she'd have a child. But less than months now, they have kept the secret of her pregnancy, and they lean into each other like the closest of romantics.

Q: Do you feel as if you already went through your real life crisis?

A: Maybe I guess I've been going through a whole crisis for about five or six years. When's it supposed to be, then? I think I got lost enough. Speed-licking I explained. That's done, thank you. That was nice. That's really the opposite of intimacy.

Q: It's applicable but it's not love!

A: Yeah, it's not hard applying. [Road-sideline] reaction involving hands and clients. I'll tell more that one doesn't.

Q: Do you think you had the real thing the first time you were married, but didn't know it or couldn't appreciate it?

A: I don't know. Part of me says no and part of me says maybe. Obviously it's like asking an astronomer what happened. I don't know. That's something that'll take years to figure out in therapy. Now I know I have the real thing.

CAROLINE'S IS JAMMED tonight. It's seven-fifty, part is on. On and off downtown dinner, Williams talked eagerly about going to do some stand-up. At one point he missed himself and called ahead to the club. So by the time he and Marsha get downtown, Rick Ostrinco, physically a cross between Jack Nicholson and a German shepherd, is standing at the glass door,



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HAIR REPORT

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more! You don't need to walk out on the street! You're in love! You're in LOVE-LOVE-LOVE!"

The crowd laughs softly. For a second, he has lost them. What he's just said is not that all that funny any all this time. What does it mean, after all, to have that man stand on a stage, wearing and flying at 2:00 A.M., and say, "You don't need to go in front of large groups of people?" If that isn't need, what is?

Williams lifts his jacket from the microphone stand where he's lying in. He puts it back. He runs his hand through his hair. "Right now Sigmond Fried is going, I don't know where to put that one." There is a change in Williams's face, and suddenly he has returned to safe ground. "Sigmond Fried? A man who did enough cocaine to kill a small horse..." A huge laugh. "And Fried came up with a theory that his tooth is wound his dick, okay."

"(It gets to the point sometimes," he says, "where even I go, 'You're not really to talk about that. Go back. Talk about your dick some more.'")

"People who do a lot of cocaine," he is saying, "think that everybody wants their dick, only they can't find it." We are back to rock-star clichés.

Over the din, a girl calls out, "Come on, Robin, just one more hour!"

"No, you see, Bob, I gotta go, 'cause it's late."

"Oh, damnation!"

"Well, thank you, ladies!"

A woman in the audience: "Where are you going?"

Williams says, "Away."

LATER HE WILL SAY that he started to love it toward the end, that it was late, that it was too much. For now, the audience keeps screaming for him, a go-to-the-morning-in-a-late-night-night screaming, shocked by their good fortune, that they've been here at the right moment. On his way out, Williams shakes hands with a few people, allows someone a quick photograph. He closes the door to the club, but you can still hear the sound of applause. Then the moment does it hold open for him, and he jumps inside, where Miranda is.

"Hi," he says quietly, sliding onto the seat beside her.

"Hi," she says. "Sorry I left, but the smoke was getting to me."

"No, I'm glad you came out here."

"How'd it go?"

"I talked about you enough," he says.

"You did?"

"I told them I loved you."

"You did?"

He takes Miranda's hand. "Home," he says. ☐

Neilman Marcus

GIORGIO ARMANI
PARFUMS



Marion Marini
Actress



Private Eye

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put their pants on...



Kevin Bacon
Actor

ONE LEG AT
A TIME!

William Wegman and Fay Ray
Photographer and Subject



Catherine O'Hara
Actress



Florence Griffith Joyner
Olympian



Lee Atwater
Republican Committee Chairman

My Dinner with Groucho

It came with japes and tears,
everything but the duck ~

By Fulton Oursler

LIFE TAKES ODD TURNS, and mine veered at high velocity to Hollywood in the 1970s when, after years as a deskbound editor, I became editorial liaison for *Reader's Digest* in its brief encounter with United Artists. I served as the magazine's eyes and ears through two motion picture musicals (*Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*), and the experience, even as I lived it, seemed to unfold like a film itself.

Now it remains, frame by frame, on the spools of memory, and when I return to it, that patch of life, which seemed so unreal, unreds. I see myself reading script revisions on a 707, or answering the telephone at my table in the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel. There I am in a darkened room, watching the rushes of a young girl, glimmering with innocence, in one of her first screen roles. Yes, I think, Jodie Foster will be wonderful as Becky Thatcher.

As I moved through that time of hilarity and surrealism, it was as if Fellini and Cocteau had suddenly been given the direction of my life. And the climactic scene, which I play and replay like a favorite movie, was a little film within the film. It opened something like this....

One night David Charman, my Hollywood counterpart at United Artists) and I received an invitation to have dinner with Arthur Jacobs. I looked forward to the evening because I had met the producer only briefly at the beginning of the magazine, and my expectations were heightened when Charman promised mysteriously: "You are in for a great surprise."

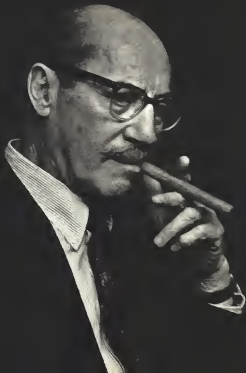
Charman drove me to a small but sumptuous house, and we were greeted by Jacobs, a man of quiet intensity, and his beautiful wife, actress Natalie Trundy. They led us to the living room, and Jacobs immediately began to fix drinks.

"We're going to have a quick cocktail," he explained, "because when our other guests arrive we will go directly into dinner."

Almost at the same moment, the doorbell rang.

"Gulp them down," he said, hurrying to the door. And a moment later Groucho Marx walked into the living room.

He moved slowly with a cane in his right hand, seated on the left by Fran Fanning, who was introduced by Jacobs as a "devoted companion," an expression that seemed to please Groucho immensely. He was elegantly dressed in a dark-blue blazer, his neck swathed in a stiff, pale-yellow cravat. Emphasizing about him appeared frail, except the bright eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, and his voice, perhaps the sharpest but ever played.



Chambers and I dined three smallpox and approached Groucho, who, with his Fleming, Jacobs, and his wife, possessed a main reception line in the corner of my window, while shaking hands. Jacobs spoke my name, adding "He's an editor with Reader's Digest."

If he had said, "Son Francisco has just disappeared in an earthquake," the words could not have had a more profound effect on Groucho. Still holding my hand, he staggered and then shook, as if forcing himself to remain calm. While everyone chuckled, his visible smile faded, disappeared, and was replaced by a look of almost overpowering poignancy.

"What a tragedy," he whispered. Resuming the handshake in sympathetic punctuation of his words, which gave strength as he recovered from the shock, he said: "Yes, poor boy? (I was sorry.) That's the worst thing I've heard today. Tell me," he asked, leaning in and spreading his hands in mock sorrow, "how did it happen?"

I knew I was in for it as the laughter carried us into the dining room. Ever since I had been a boy, when my father had joined the Digest, I knew the magazine captured strong emotions. The fact that it was the most popular and widely read publication in the world was enough to condense it in the eyes of some critics. Critics sneered at its upshot philosophy, and many academics deplored the central concept of its appeal: the condensation of an author's original material. If Groucho disliked the Digest, I faced an adversary whose comic genius stretched far beyond slapstick and a fancy smile. His wit was original, fast, and fierce. He had earned the public praise of George Bernard Shaw, and he had earned on a one-on-one basis with T. S. Eliot.

"Since we have two guests of honor," Mrs. Jacobs announced, "I think Groucho and Fulton should face each other at opposite ends of the table."

Groucho obviously relished this prospect. Across the candlelight and silverware, he offered me an elaborate smile as we all sat down. It was the kind of smile funeral directors would pay good money to imitate.

"Your first trip out here, Mr. Quinlan?"

"No, Mr. Marx."

"Groucho."

"Fulton, Groucho."

"No," he said gently, and with great politeness. "It's Groucho. Just Groucho. It's a strange name, I know. Hard to catch." This became a subtheme throughout dinner. At a pause in the talk, he would look up at me

with a beautifully pleasant smile, point to his chair, and reintroduce himself "Groucho."

When the napkins were unfolded, he commanded, "So... how did it happen? How did such a boy like you ever become an editor at a place like that?"

It was already at least 40-40-40, I thought, as the lunch kept coming from Groucho to me and back. Was there any point in trying to break service?

"Well," I began hesitantly, "to make a long story short... it's a good deal like the police chaps in this little office."

"Congratulations. Did you rub some dirt? Or is it fresh from the house?"

His eyebrows jumped through the laughter. "All right, tell me, what's the short story?"

"My father was an editor at the Digest, and after he died..."

His head tilted backward and he raised his hands, palms up. "Ah, I see," he said sadly. "It's genetic disease. Have you seen a doctor?"

"No, sir."

"No?" Did he call me sir? Here I just been knighted or am I just knighted?"

So it continued, alternately, through all the courses, even when the talk bogged into individual conversations, every few minutes, with an expression of deep concern, Groucho would recognize his audience by turning in slow motion to look at me. Then he would fix me, but what I could not have expected, what gave his wisecracks true wit, and raised the performance to a work of art, was his manner. Every sentence was delivered with the overbearing volubility of a physician confronted with a patient who was oblivious to his own nominal condition.

Eyebrows arched. "Have you read any good words lately?"

Head shaking in sorrow. "Is it true all your women are judges?"

At some point now and then, I decided, suddenly, so as to build what little of my own wit left.

"Groucho..."

To the others: "He got the same right, I'm de-laughed to make his acquaintance."

To me, in a voice tremulous with fear at what I might say next: "Frost?"

"Have you ever read the Digest?"

Blind as a mole mouse, I asked. His eye seemed to deepen to be regarded me, and then his eyebrows crunched in an unperked frown. "I wanted to," he said miserably, "I really did, but a friend warned me off. He said it was a snare. As simple as dip. He loved it, he said, but might be suffered from... shortness?"

That time, he acknowledged the laughter

with a wide smile. The eyebrows raised and dipped. His fingers knocked the ash from an invisible pipe.

With this truce, his mood completely changed. Addressing the others, he said: "The Digest was actually a secret mission for all concerned. There weren't one alone who hadn't stolen a joke from it. In fact, collectively, the magazine was probably the greatest treasury of humor ever published. I beamed throughout this speech and listened in amazement as he continued with a short lecture on the virtue of condensation. It was an art, one that every comic must master. One letter was born here, they were carved from fat to the bone."

There was a pause, and I sensed I was on the firing line again, as his head turned back to me. "But last month you raised condensation one step too far," he declared. "You published one of my jokes and then sent me a condensed check. The check still in wouldn't cash it. He said he couldn't count this low."

The laughter started again. He quoted the amount of the check (which was the highest we paid, looking about in double-taking disbelief, noting and then making the gauge of sympathy. Was I sure it was right, he asked).

Once again, everyone was watching me expectantly. I took a deep breath and asked all.

"It was the right amount, Groucho," I said, trying to replicate his earlier solemnity and solidarity. "And I can assure you that the matter was carefully considered. In fact, we held an editorial board meeting to set the rate of payment for all contributors. The final vote—I raised my hand and spread my hands, palms up—was that you were to get half of what we pay Bob Hope."

The room exploded. Across the table, Groucho laughed loudly, added to me in tribute, and led the others in applause. Dear God, I thought, why isn't everyone I have ever known in this room? It doesn't matter, I do a happy man.

At the end of dinner, Arthur Jacobs rose and asked us all to move to the living room.

"I'm going to comment a little longer," he said, "and I want you all to watch." Groucho started to protest that it was time for him to leave, but obviously something had been planned that he (and I) knew nothing about. First Fleming had just given down the steps to a sofa. I took an extra chair next to Groucho as Jacobs stood before us and made a short speech.

He was an early-life bird, he explained, and he collected the worst of all fog-ign-mistakes and old stories that had never been shown to the public. "These made a melody of Marx madness," he said

Felton Quinlan is the former deputy editor in chief of Reader's Digest. This is his first piece for Esquire.



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Grosche, "which I think even you will be seeing for the first time."

Web that, he stepped to the wall behind us, where a large panel of wood moved automatically to reveal a little exhibitor's room, complete with film projector and sound equipment. Jacobs sat on a stool behind the projector and the panel closed, leaving only a small opening for the lens. There, ahead of us, at the other side of the living room, there was a mechanical waiter, and a screen descended from the ceiling. All the lights dimmed and went out. A cone of light struck the screen, and there was Grosche, in black and white, thirty-two, forty years younger, leaning in some outrageous costume. Was that a long, loose Arabian robe that kept catching on the props of the small studio set? When the scene changed, did Hugo and Zippo drag-kick pillows at Chico and Gamin, the brother who had stopped performing? All I can remember with clarity is that each of the brothers was there, and that Grosche, whether squat walking through a snowstorm of feathers or simply strapping at the camera when the others weren't watching, invariably stole the scenes.

Jacobs had reached the box together with graceful thrushes of music, and as the flickering light we all stole glances at Grosche. He sat with his hands folded across the front of his blouse, not speaking a word. His eyes never left the screen and, as he watched with a look of pure rapture, a smile clear he had never seen those images before. He posed in our laughter, but at times he seemed to tremble, and once he sighed aloud—a long, low, pregnant moan of irresponsible emotion. That two moments more did down his face.

The film ended, the music stopped, the lights came on, and mine started again. When Jacobs stepped, Grosche stood up, brushed away the tears, and embraced him. Then he walked away from us, waist-deep, up the steps to the front door. There he turned to shake our hands and bid farewell. When my turn came, he dipped effortlessly into a capsule of raw fast come. The smile froze and vanished. That striking look of tragic concern was written on his face.

"Can't you get out of it?" he pleaded. "Can't you move in Hollywood, become an agent, and be respectable?"

I told him if I ever changed careers, I'd be a writer.

"That's worse! What would you write?" "The story of this evening would be high on the list."

He looked at me doubtfully.

Grosche, he reminded me, as he started over the door. "From anywhere you want, but try to get the name right." ■

Accessoires pour homme

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BLOOMINGDALE'S



Private

Affair

It started as an intimate family wedding. Then came the choppers, the checkpoints, and the threat of paparazzi in rented flame suits. It ended as...

Michael J. Fox's Nuptials in Hell!

I GOT MARRIED LAST SUMMER and the reviews were terrible. The *Globe* announced on its front page that the wedding had been "a fiasco." The *National Enquirer* quoted an "insider" who reported that "people were nearly fainting as they staggered out after the ceremony. They were fanning themselves and gasping." People objected to our wedding attire, surprising considering that no one from the magazine had seen it. "Hash-hush nuptials turned into a circus," said the front page of the *Star*, whose article began, "Teenay-wetray actor Michael J. Fox..." Whenever a



By
Michael J. Fox
and
Michael Pollan

newspaper or magazine in snuggled with me, I immediately began to shiver, and in the coverage of my wedding, I was shoulder-high to Steve Wilkos.

Now, bad reviews I can actually handle—you put your work out there and anybody can take their shot. But Tracy and I had never covered our wedding as part of our career. That's why it hadn't occurred to us to invite the press. A wedding is trying enough without the eyes of America's supermodel chameleon lens looking over your shoulder. Besides, how could we ever have explained to our first cousins that Robin Leach was around, but they weren't?

As it turned out, our first cousins were a lot more understanding than the media. By attempting to have a small, private wedding in Vermont, about as far from Hollywood as we could get, we had unconsciously thrown down the gauntlet. The tabloid press launched a massive, multiple-front offensive to find out when and where the wedding would take place, and then to obtain a photograph of the event no matter what the cost. Tracy and I were determined to keep our own counsel plans for a modest, conventional family affair in a rustic villa, I know, and the world of the mutual coaches was no elaborate outdoor venue game worthy of James LeGros—and, of course, of Ingeborg Bergman.

The story of my wedding and honeymoon probably doesn't contain many useful tips for readers thinking about getting hitched—though I would advise against leaving any helicopters at your wedding, even in the Highlands, this season. It's much less I think it's worth telling, anyway. Even I, who have called it "Ingeborg's home for most of the last ten years," was surrounded by the lengths to which the tabloids would go in order to satisfy insatiable curiosity. I learned a lot about how they operate, not to mention about the technique of small-time espionage and counterespionage, the shortage of items rare in Vermont, the surprising degree people make

Michael J. Fox will appear this autumn as Cameron of Woe, a Columbia Pictures release. **Michael Pollen**, his brother-in-law, is executive editor of *Harper's Magazine*.



The West Mountain Inn was three thousand miles from L.A., and not nearly easy to find. A perfect spot for the intimate ceremony we had in mind.

in the face of great opposition, and some of the comic and neo-comic absurdities of celebrity today.

Most of the story can be told from my point of view. But because I was more preoccupied with getting married than with writing crack op-eds from the Empire, a lot was going on that I didn't know about until much later. I've put together this part of the story by interviewing several of the participants, including our security consultants, members of the staff at the inn where the marriage took place, my publisher, and members of our families. Whenever it seemed appropriate, I've let them tell the narrative in their own words.

A suspected wedding

THE STORY BEGINS in January of last year, when Tracy and I decided to get married. A few days after I popped the question, we were in Vermont for a week's vacation at the West Mountain Inn, a picturesque New England inn set high on a hill overlooking the Rutland River. Not only was the setting beautiful, but it was three thousand miles from L.A., incidentally, and not as all easy to find—a perfect spot, we realized, for the modest, intimate ceremony we had in mind. We had also planned to know Wes and Mary Ann Carlson, the innkeepers, well enough to be sure they could keep a secret.

By keeping our plans quiet, we figured we could get married in peace. This was Vermont, after all, and we had told only our families and a handful of close friends

We took a few other precautions as well: rooms were booked under pseudonyms, the florist was told that the wedding was for Tracy's sister, and invitations went out late without our names on them (expectations were told to call my secretary for details).

Basically, we probably would have taken no further precautions if not for an unrelated article that appeared in April in the *Globe*, one of the slasher of the supermarket sheets (if one can draw such a fine distinction). The *Globe* had published a photo of Tracy and me flanked by a phalanx of cops and looking a bit frazzled as we tried to get through a crush of people at some

Hollywood event. The headline read, **ACTRESS, 1, NOW TRANSFORMED IN DEATH THREAT STUNNA**, and the article described in frightening detail a series of threats Tracy had supposedly received from some line agent about our relationship.

There had actually been no death threats. Tracy had recently mentioned in a newspaper interview that she had had to change her phone number after getting a few obscene phone calls—nothing terribly unusual, for a New Yorker newspaper—but it was gross enough for the *Globe's* hyperactive imagination. The tabloid news took that way they start with some key and of fact, bombard it with a kind of journalistic rubric, and a week later some instance of reality shows up at your local ABC.

Released into the world, these tabloid fancies sometimes actually come true. Although there had been no threat before the article, they began soon after. "Cops!" started coming out of the woodwork, and we went looking for help.

In Hollywood, when this sort of problem crops up, you go to Gavin de Becker. Gavin and his staff provide what amounts to a secret service for famous people. Gavin—the name sounds like something dreamed up by Brendan Tinnick—will supply bodyguards when they're called for, but he doesn't insist, and speaks in the most cerebral tone of security. Picture a younger, slimmer Yul Koppel as a somewhat junior ac. Gavin also has Koppel's sense of self-possession, his economy of movement and speech. You simply cannot imagine this guy ever losing his cool.

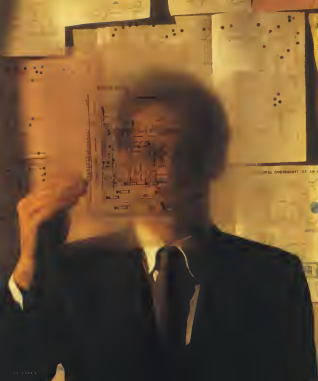


What do you give someone who's honest, well-loved and has improved with age?

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One of Gotti's specialists is "thrust assignment." He keeps careful track of several thousand mentally unstable people who make a habit of threatening celebrities.

While Gotti was at work investigating the threat, it occurred to Tracy and me that we should check out our wedding plans with him. Gotti was blunt—in a word, he said, they were a joke. There was only one chance in a million that we could keep the wedding secret. No matter how careful we were, Gotti said, the tabloids would be out in force.

Gotti described the vast, informal network of informants and spies the celebrity press maintains in New York and Los Angeles. "The *National Enquirer* and its ilk have the whole industry more or less wired," he told us. "You've got two-bit publicists, chauffeurs, and secretaries all over Hollywood selling information to the junk press. Whenever you go to a restaurant frequented by celebrities, you can assume that the guy who parks your car is working with a paparazzo. He's got a slip of paper in his pocket with the name of a photographer on it, and he knows that he calls with Madonna, he'll get Sony, Brooke Shields, Lynn, George Michael... whenever. The junk press also monitors the airports. There's no airport my I know of whose job it is not to return VIPs and get them through the terminal as smoothly as possible, but it just so happens this fellow is running a sideline business. He sells information to several of the big photographers. There's just no way you could fly your whole family to Vermont without the tabloids getting wind of it."

Gotti laid out a disconcerting scenario: dozens of reporters, bribed offered to serve people, at least one helicopter, paparazzi in the woods. What? Because a good-quality photograph of the wedding was worth, in his estimation, at least \$50,000, a powerful asset. In the last few years, celebrity weddings have become the ultimate tabloid story, the equivalent of a *Wings* scandal in the conventional press. A rumor of wedding plans, in Cher's recent first out, is enough to justify round-the-clock surveillance. The photographer who snatched our Cher's bride last summer evidently got himself run over by Rob Camil-

The Field Marshal and His Arsenal



Two could play this game. Partly on principle, and partly for the sport of it, I told Gotti to Becker (left) to make sure the tabloids got nothing.

less was recently asked on a TV talk show if he makes a habit of hanging out at the foot of celebrity driveways. "Nah," he replied. "This was different. This was a suspected wedding."

We were prime suspect targets, and Gotti warned us to expect the worst.

At first we found his scenario very hard to believe, but as the big day drew nearer, we realized that Gotti was not an alarmist. Word was leaking out. Rumors of a summer wedding started appearing in the tabs, and the phone began ringing, day and night. First they tried my publicist, Nancy Ryder, then our parents started getting calls at home. Tracy had to change her number three times in the six months before the wedding. It seems tabloid reporters are particularly good at obtaining landline numbers. But if you think midnight calls from reporters might be annoying, imagine how it feels to know they are also rooting through your garbage for information.

A month before the wedding, the *Enquirer* reported that Tracy and I would be getting married in Vermont on July 15 or 17. To make sure we understood that they planned to be false, instead of not, they published an aerial photo of our new home in Vermont. Soon after this impossible display of investigative journalism, Nancy Ryder got a call from the *Enquirer*; they knew all the details and had an offer to make. If we would grant them exclusive rights to photograph the wedding, they would pay at \$50,000 and provide security so that no competing reporters or photographers would disturb the event. The moral short

was, of course, never in a world where either of us was in to your party, or we'd crash it.

People magazine called next. They took what they must have considered the highest bid instead of offering us money; they offered to give us "what we gave *Stars and Lanes*." That meant security (as with the *Enquirer*, their first priority was protecting their exclusive), a favorable article, and our wedding pictures on their cover.

I don't think I need to explain why we rejected these offers out of hand. Maybe we're unusual, but we had trouble thinking of our wedding as some sort of NCAA event that we could sell

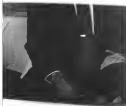
the rights to. If we were going to do that, why not also make a deal for our future sponsorship (ask if the Nabucco Nabucco), and hold the ceremony at the Los Angeles Coliseum? Maybe Donald Trump could perform the ceremony, and Ernest Borgnine could conduct the postcoital massage.

In making their offers, *People* and the *National Enquirer* carried my "obligation to my fans." They argued that my fans, who were responsible for my success and happiness, should be allowed to share in the happiest of days. This sounds high-minded until you realize that neither publication could care less about my relationship with my fans except as they stood to profit by it. Suggesting I "share" my wedding with the public is really just a polite way of saying: we will collaborate in the picketing and striking of the event. I was determined not to do that.

The going gets weird

TWO BATTLE LINES had been drawn. The media had made it clear that if we would not sell them what they wanted, they were simply going to snuff it. So we told Gotti to find the whoever he could to preserve the privacy of our wedding day. About a month before the wedding, he flew up to Vermont to "advance" the sale.

Gavin de Becker: "To get to the two you have to cross a one-lane bridge over the Rutland. A perfect checkpoint. Between the two and the surrounding forest is a large meadow occupied by horses and goats, which would make obtaining the use from paparazzi easier; it helped that the animals



Garth's troops patrolling the Vermont lawn looked as out of place as James and guests would look on Sunset Boulevard

were startled by approaches from the woods. I made maps and aerial photos of the area, located the nearest helicopter choppers, and with the undertaker and the local sheriff, arranged to have three vehicles loaded with metal windows, two-way radios, and spread lights, and designed a traffic-control and criminality system."

All the relevant information was then organized as a thirty-one-page illustrated manual. When Garth showed me a copy, I thought he might have gone a little overboard. The document read like the joint Chief's plans for the Geraldine invasion. Tracy and I were referred to as "Geyser 1 and 2" (or, more familiarly, "the Coyotes"), and members of the press were called "the paperboys." The men's bucolic setting had been transformed into a mine of rambunctious checkpoints (the ceremony would take place at 4-P, the marriage would be consummated at 4-B, at central). Virtually every move we would make all weekend had been plotted out in painstaking detail.

The wedding was to take place on Saturday July 16, but things started to get weird

a week before. A neighbor asked out Tracy's apartment in New York, asking everybody who went by if they knew him. (This guy was no Sherlock Holmes. I walked right past him once and saw not a flicker of recognition.) A man showed up in Vermont claiming to be Bill Fox, my father, and began strangers with wedding plans. (Tabloid reporters don't ask questions, they lay out imaginative scenarios for you to confirm.) Everybody started to get ratty. Tracy's mother and brother at work, Nancy Kyrie, my parents, and Wes Calloway at the inn. The callers' questions indicated that the poem had pinned down the case but not the place. But when Garth reached back with Wes early in the week, he discovered that the *Esquire* was hot on our trail. He asked: Was it any English or Australian guests had registered that week. "Why, yes," Wes said, "a Mr. Wright checked in on Monday."

David Wright is one of the National *Esquire*'s star reporters.

Barb's Mount, a bartender at the inn last summer, remembers a group of unusually

inquisitive guests. "When I got to work Tuesday, one of the bartenders pulled me aside and said that some of the guests were acting suspiciously," he said. "I started to keep an eye on David Wright, a couple with two kids by the name of Munnago, and another couple who said they were newlyweds. All of them kept asking us questions about what was going on that weekend."

Tracy's parents, Joseph and Corby, drove up from New York with two grand-children on Thursday afternoon. They had rooms at the Arlington Inn, just down the road from the West Mountains. It wasn't long before they had their first break with the paparazzi.

Corby Pollock: "As we drove up, I saw people sitting in parked cars, but didn't think too much about it. In the dining room, I went to call Tracy from a public phone to tell her we'd arrived safely. While I was dialing, our waiter came up to me to say how much he had enjoyed one of Tracy's performances. I immediately hung up the phone and returned to the table. I realized that just about everyone in the room



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Their Guys



Ching my "obligation to the lens," the tabloids made it clear they would attend our wedding, invited or not. Everybody was "paparazzi for a day." No one was safe.

knew who we were, and duty was pressing to leave our conversation.

"After dinner Steve and I took a walk, and when we got back, we found Terry's folks chatting with a young man whom I had noticed earlier in the dining room. He said he had been in town for a few days and offered to take them for a drive the next morning to show them the sights. Initially I thought, How nice, but when we got back to our room I began to wonder: Why would a young man want to take two elderly strangers sight-seeing? First I checked up on suspicion to being a New Yorker, but the more I thought about it, the more likely

it seemed that this nice young man was a reporter. So we knocked on Bob and Marcie's door and told them not to go."

Trey and I didn't confirm until late the next day that Corley's suspicions were justified—the nice young man was actually a not-so-nice reporter for the *Enquirer*. He had figured the best way to obtain information about the wedding was to go. Trey's bodyguards alone in his car. What grandfather could resist sitting on a straitened stranger's shoulder, let alone a grandchild's wedding plans? With "Operation Grandma," the tabloids had crossed a new ethical frontier—abducting eighty-two-year-olds to

order to pump them for information! If the grandkids were going to stop the law, we decided that Grandma was going to have to stop up his own efforts.

On Friday Gerry got a tip that the *Enquirer* was looking for a ramp-to-answer photos at the command center they'd set up at the Equinox, a nearby hotel [the same one, in a happen, where Trey and I were located]. He saw this as a perfect opportunity to place a mole in the *Enquirer* team, so he asked Nanci Ryder of the world go undercover.

Nanci Ryder "I drove over to the Equinox Friday afternoon and was directed to the *Enquirer*'s suite. An overzealous guy in his thirties answered the door and as soon as he spoke, I realized he was Paul Levy—the editor who'd been calling me all week to make a deal. I told him I'd found he needed a ramp, and he asked me in. It was quite a large suite, and they'd turned it into a makeshift newsroom—desks, word processors, clipboards, and telephones were all over the place.

"He offered me twelve dollars an hour, and I got to work. My first job was to take down a list of names over the phone. It turned out to be a list of people associated with Family Tax. Naturally, I knew how to spell all the names, but I was careful to ask anyway. There he had me compare the list with the Equinox's guest list (which they must have bought from a bond employer) and check off any duplications.

"Several reporters and photographers walked in, many of them Israeli or Australian. I was terrified someone would recognize me—I've been going to events with that guy for years—but fortunately no one did. They were conferring about meetings for the two helicopters they had chartered. One helicopter would remain overhead as all times Saturday. The idea was to 'keep up the pressure' until Michael and Trey backed down and allowed a photo opportunity. Wouldn't it be great, one of them said, if Michael romped out of the ring shouting his fit, it is Sean Penn?

"They also discussed sending some people up into the woods around the site to see if they could sneak up-close enough to get a picture. Then somebody suggested that a photographer in a limo could probably sneak up on the wedding undetected. Levy liked the idea and sent somebody off to find out where to rent a limo in Vermont.

"I learned that they had also talked out the *Arkansas* and the *Equinox*, offering cash to employees in exchange for information. (At one point, Levy sent me out for an update, and I learned he was carrying an enormous wall of bills—several thousand dollars.) The guy responsible for the *Arkansas* was boasting about his next coup

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What They Got

Friday night came from the Carlsboms, who told us about bartender Budweiser Mowat's encounter with the *Esquire* editor that day.

Berlie Mount: "On Friday morning Bill Wheeler, a guy I've known for years, showed up at my door. I had seen him at the West Mountain earlier in the week having a drink with David Wright, the *Esquire* reporter. I couldn't ignore one who they could possibly be doing together. Now it clicked. I took one look at Bill and started to laugh."

"I guess you know why I'm here," he said. He paced up and down the kitchen before he finally began to speak. "We'd like you to do us a favor." I was still laughing.

"We'll pay you \$750 just to listen," he never actually said who he was representing, or name "Michael J. Fox." "Get as much as you can, and then on Sunday morning. And if you fail, we'll give you another \$750. You make money, you make money, nobody else."

"You've got to be kidding," For \$1, you can't make me in my position in town, my salary, my friends and employees. Look, I'm a friend and I just bought a house in Florida. Now I hear I've got \$1,000 for two new engines. I'm going to do this little job. You're out of your mind. If it was I could think about it."

"He looked straight at me and
got it," just like that.

"I was flabbergasted," told Krazy. But he was perfectly sure they would place a miniature me, inside it in a piece of jewelry or bag, and no one would be able to taking pictures. On Sunday the camera and give me the "New" have the new engines for he said, "and no one will be the both make money, and the police to have the victims."

"You're crazy," I said again, but I knew this wasn't going to do it.

The game was his card and as we hung. As he left, I noticed a card that hadn't been there before. It showed Mr. Wright. Bill got away off.

"That afternoon, as I was going for work, I had every intention through with it. I brought [it]



I paid for my privacy in the case of bad press. The tabloid protected the embarrassment of their editors as Grace and me

me and made sure I had a dime so that I could make the call from a public phone at my work.

"But I never did. When I walked into the inn, the first person I saw was Mary Ann Carlson, and as soon as I looked at her I burst into tears. I wanted the money, but there was just no way I could do that to her and Wes. I broke down and told her the whole story."

What the Engineer pulled with Barber really pissed me off. But at least now we know what rules they were playing by. The tabloids had announced, in effect, that they were willing not only to screw up our wedding day, but to step over a lot of other people in order to get The Firmers. Well, this was a game that two could play. Fairly on principle, and partly, I admit, for the sport of it, I told Gavin to make sure the tabloids got theirs:

Hash-bash mapticks
turn into a circus

AWAKE ON THE DAY of my wedding, the sound of choppers overhead. These helicopters had absolutely nothing to do with getting pictures of our wedding—the important news we were going to be under a tree, and who got married at 5 or 6 AM anyway? No, the helicopters were strictly a form of psychological warfare. But they were never as disconcerting to me as the papers expected. First, we had been prepared for them by Nam's constant helicopter work. And second, I had just finished shooting a Vietnam movie, so the rhythmic swooshing of helicopter rotors had been part of my mental soundtrack for months.

Actually, what woke us up Saturday morning was the constant ringing of our telephone. The reporters were checking to see if we were still in the room, since they knew by now that getting a wedding snapshot was going to be difficult, the next best thing would be a picture of Tracy and me coming or going. Since we had decided to deprive them of the consolation, entering and leaving the Equinox became a major production. We had arrived the night before in a blizzard of flashbulbs, and Nancy had learned that the press considered the trip to the West Mountain Sanctuary morning a high-priority photo opportunity.

Getting out wasn't going to be easy. The whole place was swarming with photographers.

and insects. One old lady with a lapful of kittens had snaked out the pouch of the Equinox, and leveled her feet. Here is anything that looked newsworthy. Gates had parked our car at a loading dock that had been covered in slugs of plastic. His opponents accused Trump and me down to the carport. As our car pulled out, a diamond photograph appeared from nowhere, showing us on foot. They must have been waiting near dawn, and the exposure on their faces was one of pure gloom. This was a serious case, down here behind us, a helicopter hovering down overhead, and a helicopter pilot, a man in a blue uniform, making us fly slowly along the quiet coastal roads of western Virginia.

David: "From a logistical standpoint, moving the Coyotes from point to point was the most difficult phase of the chase operation. Having a half-ton vehicle carrying guns is always dangerous, and you have to remember that from the tactical point of view, a motorcade operation would not have been the best way to think of the entire press opportunity. The paperboys were running the side of the operation from a low-flying helicopter. They tried desperately to put in, sort of control the cameras in that situation so they'll pull in front of you and then stop; if that happens, you're a sitting duck. So I drove the swing at someone behind the Coyotes' vehicle, not following the passing lane, but the passing lane and the passing side. A drive that obviously takes more minutes I clocked at close to five."

"After we arrived at the West Mountain, I concentrated on securing the perimeter of the property. We had learned that the En-



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WESTIN

[illegible]

pair had approached visually everyone living in the vicinity and offered them \$2,000 for a snapshot of the wedding. So the house around the sea was crawling with people, both curious and professional. Some people had slept in the woods overnight. Every few hours someone would approach the sea, and we'd warn them they were trespassing. The people would retreat, but in a half hour they'd approach again from a new angle. We were also alert to the appearance of unauthorized boats in the sea, but none ever showed up.

"Meanwhile, the helicopters were coming in and out in shifts. They had at least one helicopter in the air at all times, which must have cost a fortune. Any time we moved one of the three modified vehicles, several choppers would instantly materialize overhead. I took a drive that afternoon on the Old Silver Road and suddenly came on a peakside where they had established their base camp. It looked like Desert Ore. There were three helicopters on the ground, six or seven small cars, dozens of people running around with walkie-talkies and clipboards, and a pumper truck standing by to refuel the choppers. We learned later that the Engineer had approached the owner of the seafront, pretending to be Michael's representative, and asked if he could use the property to ferry guests in and out of the West Mountain. Most of the townspeople probably still assume that the helicopters were Michael's."

ONCE TRACY AND I ARRIVED at the West Mountain, we were completely oblivious to the various forms of madness going on outside. Tracy accompanied us to the flower arrangements and perfume display, and I got drawn to the business of being a typical piano-struck groom. We got in as if we were in a season of anomie, when all the clothes (and yet still extraordinary) emotions and attitudes that accompany all wedding days overwhelmed everything else. It may have been Macon, Appalachia, but inside it was surely the New York show.

During the ceremony, the helicopters came out in threes. Under the tent it was warm, but certainly nobody danced or gaped for me. We had the Revo down on the side of the tent open to the sky, but on the opposite side (where the helicopters couldn't approach because of the terrain) the Revo was open to the sea. If anything, the couples going on outside resembled the couples in dancing everyone else merely together. When I broke the wedding glass at the end of the ceremony, everybody went up a thousandth of an inch, as if to say, Now we get to make the noise!

Soon afterward, Gavin dispatched a de-



Oblivious to all the madness going on outside, Tracy and I danced the night away.

coy car, complete with six cars tied to the ladder and a slip of wedding gown caught in the door. This seemed to do the trick. The helicopters quickly vanished, leaving us to celebrate in peace.

What is exactly what we did, except for one bad and debilitating moment: Gavin's dinner, when Gavin took me aside and said, "We have a problem." He had reason to believe an Engineer spy had witnessed the actual event.

Gavin: "While the guests were being discussed, I got a call from one of my men outside. A young woman who was working for one of the service people at the airport had been seen standing down the hill to the press area, clearly HSD [High Speed Drinking]. Her name was Candy," and she had usually been on my screen most of the evening, because she was using inappropriately—insouciant and over-the-top with the press."

"I followed her down the hill and watched as she got into Paul Levy's vehicle. It sped off. Only one conclusion seemed possible: this woman had been working for the Engineer all along."

"I trusted no one so I told Michael and interrogated her supervisor. He said he had known her for years. He insisted that, though she might be sensible, there was no way she was working for the Engineer. I couldn't shake his story, but remained skeptical."

"Then I got a radio call from my man back at the press area saying that Candy had disappeared, which really does not figure. I drove down there and she jumps into my car. 'He kidnapped me!' she says. She's

crying now, but I'm 100-percent unmoved. If you've been kidnapped, you should be cheery. I suppose, fully expecting her to say, 'Oh, it really wasn't that serious.' But she starts on pressing charges, so I talk her out of the sheriff's deputies to come over and hear her charges."

"After the deputy takes her complaint, he and I go over and interrogate Paul Levy. He's fat, probably in his fifties, and clearly baffled. 'What did you want getting into my car and say, "Quick, drive away." I was terrified—I figured she was to tell me something. Very often we have drunk guests leaving an event and we'll try to expel them on it. Or somebody will come out and say, "I was a waitress at that party—how much will you pay me if I tell you what I saw?"' The deputy went through Levy's wallet and said he was carrying more than \$2,000 in cash."

"Look," Levy says, "I could have played someone in there I would have done it in a second, but this woman was not working for us."

"Do I believe him? These guys are inherently such stupidly that your impulse is to be skeptical. But right now Levy's facing a kidnapping rap, and it would only hurt him in his career to admit she was working for him. I decide he must be telling the truth, and it is well worth talking to."

"It's like a scene out of *Le Cane*. The two agents who have been bickering one another from a distance for years finally meet at the end of the novel, you know the bit—it's midnight in Moscow and we're standing on a bridge over the Volga. Now I, of course, am in a position to help him out of his jam, even I can describe Candy's scene in *Le Cane* pumping him for information. He tells me his figure. I had set up this whole kidnapping scene as a compromise plan. I ask him about pictures. He tells me there's no picture of the wedding; the only shot anybody got from the helicopter is Michael in a baseball cap, stepping out of the car. All Candy told him was that Michael broke a glass at the end of the ceremony, and then everybody said "blessed one!" She told him she thought it was a Greek Orthodox service. I don't think she was terribly bright."

In the end, the Candy episode did nothing to dampen the celebration. Most of us were oblivious to the espionage drama playing outside. Inside, the scene was probably no different from a thousand other weddings: celebratory, celebratory, champagne, dinner, music, cake, and then dancing late into the night. Hardly five pages later, but exactly the kind of wedding we'd dreamed of, and where Tracy and I left for the Equinox around three, we were floating on air.

Erika L. Walker

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The couple goes hunting

SO THERE IT IS, the inside story of Michael J. Fox's wedding. Together the celebs had spent close to a quarter-million dollars, in Gwyn's case, and all they had to show for it was an aerial photo of a tree. How were they going to explain this to their readers?

Most of the coverage turned out to be an elaborate exercise in journalistic deception, to hijack a news item from Foxes. The reporters couldn't very well write about their colossal waste of money and effort, unless they reported their own forays onto the wedding. So either they couldn't acknowledge the aggressiveness of their efforts to crash our party, they had to portray Gwyn's money mantras as an audaciously extreme—"variously puerile," in

Just When We Thought It Was Safe



A neighbor told us later he had spotted a bigman rising from Vineyard Sound, stealing his water-proof camera and snapping the picture America was supposedly waiting for...the weekend that

Martha's Vineyard

in the world of *People*. Both *People* and the *Bostonian* (Foxes' assigned newspaper that they had offered to provide much the same kind of security) instead of chiding all the misuses and misuses Gwyn had to defend against, the press pointed me as a society-cruel redneck and my wedding as barren. I shudder to think how truly barren it would have been had we tried to get around without Gwyn.

I paid for our privacy in the city of bad press, which really isn't such a high price to pay for something so precious. But I have to admit that some of the articles did tick me off. I sensed the implication that the security efforts were directed against my fans—to keep my "backwoods" fans from "infiltrating" the wedding of the Globe. (In fact, less than a dozen fans showed up in Vineyard.) Why couldn't we simply have released one wedding picture and made everybody happy? Then, after all the talkbacks had died, we were in no mood to reward them. And second, there was no way a single, nonexclusive photograph would have satisfied them. Next they'd go after the cake-cutting shot, the "exclusive" wedding-night shot, and then the honeymoon videotape shots.

Some of the articles implied that during the ceremony the papers were being on the theory that the papers somehow "represent" the fans. Because fans buy the tabloids, the theory goes, the tabloids are laboring on their behalf and with their approval. Well, I just don't buy that. If you were to ask the average fan whether he or she would like to see a picture of our wedding, I'm sure most of them would say yes.

Martha's Vineyard. We had fled to Tina's family's beach house there after the *Esquire's* six-star team descended on Anguilla. It didn't take long for the Star to find us, however, and its photographers soon fouled the island. We'd go to pick up groceries and a man in a pocket car would follow us with a newspaper and level a telephone line at us. One day, while we were at the beach, a photographer from the Star managed to get on an edit—a screenshot, so to speak. We didn't even know it at the time, but a neighbor told us later he had spotted a bigman rising from Vineyard Sound, stealing his water-proof camera and snapping the picture America was supposedly waiting for.

So, they got us. The honeymoon was over, and it was bound to happen sooner or later.

But the time I want to tell you about, the time that I finally stopped feeling like the tabloid prey, happened a few days before. We were coming back from shopping, and as we drove up to the house there were two men standing at the door of the driveway, one with a camera. As soon as they saw us, the photographer started shooting. I'll never forget the experience on his face. He looked like a deer hunter who had been waiting all his life for a swampy-eyed buck, and here it was at last. Pure bloodlust. To him we were quarry, nothing more or less. He'd been waiting for a week, and the fact that he'd caught a Nikon rather than a 35 didn't make us feel all that much better.

I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I reached for my own camera and started firing back. They both looked stunned and, to my complete astonishment, turned and ran for their car. A little light bulb clicked on. These guys were even more upset about being photographed than we were!

I scrambled back into the car and took off after them. I had a pretty good idea they were headed to the nearest public phone, which was at a general store about five miles away. As I drove up, one of them—the reporter—was standing at the phone, with his back to me. Probably talking to his editor. The photographer stood next to him. I got out of the car, walked toward them in my best imitation of Gary Cooper in *High Noon*, and started snapping pictures. When the photographer saw me, his face lit up with horror. He turned and, brandishing it, then dove straight into the bushes.

I have to admit, it felt great. ☐

Steve Kassin



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Private
Time

My Moments with Marilyn

P.S. Arthur was there, too

By Morton Miller

ARTHUR MILLER AND I are first cousins. We grew up together, attended the same grammar school, played together. From 1910 to 1914, our families lived in the same apartment house on Manhattan's Upper West Side, and in those days Arthur and I were far closer than the word cousin suggests.

For ten weeks in the summer of '39, we shared a rented four-room cottage on Long Island's south shore, and we shared a used (much used) Model A Ford coupe with rumble seat that Arthur restored with parts foraged from Brooklyn's auto scrapyards. We also shared that: in June of '56, Arthur called me, ebullient. "Great news, Morton. Marilyn and I are getting married. Find me a rabbi."

FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS—ever since, while still in college, he had won two Hopwood Awards from the University of Michigan and an award from the Theatre Guild's Bureau of New Plays—Arthur Miller had been singled out as the young playwright to watch. The expectations of the cognoscenti were fulfilled on January 19, 1947, with the Broadway opening of *All My Sons*, and that first success was

followed about two years later by *Death of a Salesman*. Hollywood undeniably sought Arthur out, and when he started out with his friend Elia Kazan, he was accorded VIP treatment—and introduced to a then-little-known actress named Marilyn Monroe.

I knew nothing then about the woman he spent his company in Hollywood. Nor did I know that he had fallen in love with her.

September 29, 1955. Premier, on Broadway, of the one-act plays *A View from the Bridge* and *A Memory of Two Mondays*.

The Cornet Theatre was packed. There was a star in the audience as Marilyn, beaming in a strikingly tight gown, walked down the aisle to her seat. It struck me that her blase appearance at this opening of these plays was the first public signal that Arthur's marriage to Mary was nearing its end.

Winter 1955-56. My earliest impression that Marilyn was in line to become Mary's replacement came in the cryptic conclusion of a letter Arthur sent from Pyramid Lake, Nevada, where he was staying, along with Sam Redlow, and awaiting his divorce. "When I return east, Morton, the sky will hit the fan."

Arthur and I had been neighbors in Berkeley, California, ever since I built my house on Golden Gate Road in 1930. He was half a mile away—in remodeled farmhouses on Wilton



Read that he'd bought in the winter of 1947. It was in a cabin on a knoll behind this summer home that he had written *Death of a Salesman*.

When Arthur separated from Mary, his new address was an elegant West Side brownstone. It was there that Marilyn would stay when she flew to New York to be with him.

When Marilyn was in Hollywood, she would phone Arthur alone and without regard to the three-hour difference in time. While my wife and I were staying overnight, Arthur could be seen and heard, at reproducible hours, raising upstairs, there, her voice at a time, to reach a phone for Marilyn's song club.

June 29, 1956. I drove Arthur and Marilyn from Rindway to Westchester County, New York, to secure a license for their long-remembered marriage. A press conference, it had been announced, would take place at Arthur's Wilton Road house at noon. I picked them up there and, moving, in my Ford convertible.

We returned at about 3:45 P.M. (We heard, on the car radio, "Marilyn is late again.") As we approached Arthur's house, we perceived a media mob come and heard—at that very moment, from behind my car—a lightning crash. Through the rear-view mirror I saw the accident: a car in the presence of mine had smashed into a tree. Miss Scherletoff, a reporter from *Four Match*, had of her injuries that afternoon.

The press (I counted more than fifty women and photographers gathered on the rear lawn) finally met Arthur and Marilyn, who made their entrance from the glassed-in dining room, followed by his parents.

The photographers, posing a willing Marilyn to capture her sexy figure, couldn't get enough. I was relieved when one of them set up a honey grouping of a casual Uncle Sam, a dainty Marilyn, a beaming Sam Cress, and a proud Arthur.

Arthur and Marilyn were married that evening in White Plains, New York, by Judge Seprose Rakowski, in a civil ceremony.

July 3, 1956. Earlier, in response to Arthur's "Find me a wife," I had

Morton Miller has been a producer of educational films and a teacher. He is the author of *Reading & Writing Short Essays*.

sounded and had been led by an acquaintance of mine to Ralita Robert E. Goldburg, of Congregation Mishkan Israel, in Hamden, Connecticut. Despite the ban on intermarriage, he had agreed to marry Arthur and Marilyn (the couple accepted conversion to Judaism). She did.

Thirty or so relatives and friends attended the Jewish ceremony at Kay Brown's home in Westchester County, New York. One of them, Hilda Rosen, had won the bride's choice of a white gown. Instead, Marilyn wore a beige-colored dress. The attending rabbi had been asked, but was dined with tea later. After the ceremony, a catered dinner was served on the grassland behind the house.

Marilyn's adoption of a new faith was perfunctory. Neither Arthur nor any of her associates expected it to be otherwise. Nevertheless, one subsequent spring the actress boldly and helped Arthur's mother prepare a seder, complete with chicken soup and matzo balls.)

Instead of a honeymoon, Arthur and Marilyn set off for England to shoot *The Prince and the Showgirl* with Laurence Olivier. It was a transatlantic experience for Marilyn because of her clashes with Olivier. When all else failed, she would take to her bed for two or three days—or send Olivier new things her way. Arthur later took particular satisfaction

we came upon a run-over dog in the road. Marilyn shut her eyes tight, covered her face, and shrieked. In January she would respond similarly to the sight of a dead fish washed up on the shore, and she would heave a back into the sea, although by that act she could secure it no life.

At the airport we were led through the crowd by guards. Some people gaped at her, others reached out to touch her as they ran out of a fragment of her clothes. She kept her composure throughout, neither embracing nor condemning.

In January, except for the occasional meal out, we ate alone at home—food cooked and served by the house staff. We drank steadily. Marilyn, at least when I knew her, couldn't hold her liquor. A single martini or a splash more was in itself as she could handle.

I recall a prominent usage of her beside Arthur as he drove us to dinner in Ocho Rios during the holiday days of their honeymoon, a half-blind cocktail glass balanced precariously between them on the dashboard of the car.

I was once asked if I knew for a fact that in bed Marilyn wore (as she was quoted as saying) only Chanel No. 5. There no doubt. When I saw her in the morning—in Jamaica or anywhere else—the always-worn white terry-cloth robe.

distinguished farmhouse and a few beamed acres of pasture and woodland. Marilyn was thrilled.

Arthur and Marilyn took ride gaudily. Along with F. P. Cavalier, a Harvard attorney, I witnessed the transfer of the property.

Spring 1956. The Leavenworth house was less than nothing to write home about, but the A. Millers nonetheless were determined (at the cost) to remodel it. My recommendation was to tear the house down before it crumbled and to start from scratch. There were several outstanding suits on the Leavenworth property, one of them sponsored.

Marilyn, unbeknownst to me, called for advice from Frank Lloyd Wright. His opinion echoed mine. Arthur's report of it, as Tombsworth, in "Ten, the old house. Don't put a nickel into it."

One day Arthur asked me to join him and Marilyn at a meeting with Wright at the Fines house, where the aging architect held court in a suite on the second floor. He exhibited preliminary drawings for a contemporary palace. Marilyn was wide-eyed. Arthur skeptical, as Wright—egotism aside—thus he was—tried to make deals with them with his proposal for an Alhambra in Roxbury.

I whispered in Arthur's ear: "Art has how much this will cost." Arthur nodded in agreement.

In the end, my advice (and that of Wright) was ignored. Arthur and Marilyn remodeled the mink-dark structure on the former Leavenworth property, at great

expense. Their household became a kind of phantasmic mirage a town, with Perry Barr, then corporate, gradually living there for months on end.

I returned quite early in the remodeling of the house some fifteen miles from the coast that never was fully subdued. Marilyn's lack of concern for money was in constant conflict with Arthur's frugality.

Summer 1956. With the casting of her next play in mind, Arthur wanted to go to the Cambridge Drama Festival to watch Jason Robards play

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In route to New York's Idlewild Airport, Arthur at the wheel and Marilyn beside him, we came upon a run-over dog in the road. Marilyn shut her eyes tight, covered her face, and shrieked.

in relating to me both how Marilyn got the better of Olivier and also how the physician who had attended her was the Queen's very own.

January 1957. Arthur showed us at home in Foxbury to ask me if my wife and I would care to accompany him and Marilyn on their much-awaited honeymoon. For two weeks we shared a rented house overlooking the sea in Ocho Rios, Jamaica.

To come from Manhattan to New York's Idlewild Airport, Arthur at the wheel and Marilyn beside him,

October 6, 1957. After their honeymoon, Arthur and Marilyn set up house in an apartment on East Fifty-seventh Street, with a room-off the vegetable for May Rem, the secretary Marilyn introduced from Ella Rosen. It was not long before they started looking for a place in the country. Their search had already taken them north, beyond Ansonia, New York, to Bethel, Connecticut, when I got involved.

With George DeVoe of New Milford, I assembled several parcels on the east side of Roxbury, including the Leavenworth homestead—an un-



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Macbeth. On a hot summer's day my wife
and I drove from Roxbury with Arthur and
Marilyn to her home.

We stopped at a Howard Johnson's on
the way. The performance was delayed for
an hour or so, until we arrived at the the-
ater and took our seats conspicuously in a
large auditorium that accompanied the delay with
grins. I think, only because of the opportu-
nity to see Marilyn.

It was well past midnight when we left
Cambridge. The night was sultry, we were
tired. We decided to spend the night in Bos-
ton and drove through its empty streets
looking for a hotel. The rooms we ended up
in were shabby, but they had beds.

Preparing for sleep was simple. We had
brought nothing with us from Roxbury,
not even a toothbrush. But before retiring
for what remained of the night, we bought a
nightcap was in order. The hotel bar had
long been closed, but we discovered that
even in a second-class Boston hotel on Sun-
day at 3:30 A.M., a fifth of Scotch whiskey
could be found for cash customers. We sat
in one of the bedrooms, sipping from back-
room drinking glasses.

Later that day, as Arthur drove us home
in an interesting heat wave, we stopped
along the highway for a milkshake con-
cession stand filled with ice cubes. As we drove home I
applied them, wrapped in my handker-
chief, to the back of Marilyn's neck.

Winter 1966. Arthur was excitedly in-
volved with the screenplay and imminent
shooting on location of *The Mafia*. Marilyn
and Clark Gable would star. At the
Roxbury house, before leaving for Nevada
with Marilyn, he said that, what with his
script, his wife, Gable, former scenes, many
of them friends, and John Huston... making
this movie should be a hell.

As it happened, shooting *The Mafia* in-
volved for Arthur and the cast the pre-
fused insurance of long hours of waiting.

Arthur explained to me when he re-
turned that Marilyn had been obstinate
and unprofessional. She would
usually report her scenes late, often af-
ter follow-up scenes—including the great
Clark Gable, then too—had been waiting
hours in the hot Nevada sun.

The Mafia ended up being a disaster, so
far as Arthur's relationship with Marilyn
was concerned. She fell more and more un-
der the sway of her coach and guru, Paula
Bretneger, and became less and less avail-
able to Arthur—or anyone else. The tension
between them on location became a burden
that their already crumbling marriage
could not support. Among the film's encour-
age was the aggressive still photographer
Igor Mordukh. By the time Arthur left Nava-
da, he traveled without his wife.

Stage notes. Marilyn was most consider-
ate of me and my family, and young. She
brought a suitcase for my children on no
special occasion and brought me back a
British woman's London jacket.

She was dressing in Jamaica Cove,
when she ordered a boiled egg at breakfast.
Eggs came and were sent she was served
with one that was boiled exactly (how
could she know!) three minutes. In
Amagansett one weakened a small dis-
chayed, unseasoned, or failed somehow
to follow in order. I never saw an employee
pocket and gone as fast.

Marilyn had, of course, no compunction
about keeping others waiting. In their
apartment I can see her, on her late af-
ternoon, having in the master bedroom, at-
tended by her maid, dressmaker, hair
stylist, and makeup man, while a group of
ten, party-dressed, waited. Serving the as-
semblage Arthur tried to cover his embar-
rassment and quipped: "Looks like a bar
mitchell."

Marilyn was utterly lacking in self-con-
sciousness about her blawdy revealing
clothing. One night she showed up at a small
gathering at the Stranberg's in a skinkette,
see-through dress with a clear view of
pubic hair. Another time, at a gathering of
five of us at my house, she arrived with
Arthur, soon into a rough-skinned brown-
and-black, above-the-knee, tight-fitting
shorts, black stockings, and black sweater
that barely contained her. I noticed the
peeping eyes of the fifth person—Rabbi
Goldberg.

February 1, 1967. Broadway premiere of
The Mafia. Marilyn left the theater with
her escort, Harry Belafonte—her hand held
high. This is my last image of her.

Later that night, at a sit-down dinner
at the Manhattan brownstone of Frank
Taylor, producer of *The Mafia*, Arthur's
companion was Igor Mordukh, his former
wife.

Before me, as I write this, is a copy of
Volume 35 of the *Roxbury Land Records*,
pages 49-54.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:
THAT MARILYN MONROE MILLER... her
divine good nature and considera-
tions... have released, released and
forever quit-claimed... unto the said
Arthur Miller... all such right and
title... to the lands, premises and
property situated in... etc., etc....

The signature at the end of this docu-
ment is "Marilyn Monroe Miller." With it
Marilyn relinquished any interest in the
house and its many acres of serene Con-
necticut countryside. □



Private Property

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Childhood homes of famous
grown-ups

Elmore Leonard
New Orleans, Louisiana
Birth to age 4



Ben Simpson
Anchorage, Alaska
Age 6 to age 17



Philip Glass
Baltimore, Maryland
Age 8 to age 17

Charles M. Schulz
St. Paul, Minnesota
Age 10 to age 23



Richard Kelly
Jackson, Mississippi
Age 12 to the present



Hunter S. Thompson
Louisville, Kentucky
Age 8 to age 16



Wolfgang Puck
St. Vincent, Jamaica
Age 6 to age 14



Martha Benson
New York, New York
Age 6 to age 23



Michael Douglas
New York, New York
Age 6 to age 14



Loretta Lynn
Buckner, Missouri, Kentucky
Birth to age 13



Madeline Follies
Englewood, New Jersey
Birth to age 18



Johanny Geron
Pacoa, Guam
Age 6 to age 7



Tim O'Malley
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Age 7 to age 18



Bob Seger
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Age 14 to age 23



Keith Haring
Kirkham, Pennsylvania
Birth to age 18



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LIVE AND LET LIVE

Ever wonder how certain kids grow up to be famous? We did...



	Steve Winfield	Orzy Osbourne
First words	"Mama"	"Laportine"
Pet's name	Didn't have one	Felix
Was a scout	Got scout	Got scout—well
Said bedtime prayers	Yes	No
Chores	Took out garbage, dusted house	Washed dishes
Wanted to be	A baseball player	A plumber
Favorite food	Fresh fried fish	Conchafakes
Local favorite food	Conchafakes	Reefers
Had to eat ever	No	Yes
Grounded for	Throwing rocks	Going out
Hobbies	Baseball players	The Beatles
Best memory	Family picnics	Smoking in the bathroom
Greatest regret	Not having a father around	Not smoking in the bathroom
Favorite hobby	Collecting marbles	Smoking in the bathroom
Favorite TV show	Baseball games	The Bugs Bunny Show
Best subject	Science	Drama
Favorite book	The Children's Encyclopedia	King Arthur
First kiss at age	Twelve	Twelve

Paul Producerson	Jay McInerney	Jackie Mason	Jackie Joyner-Kersey	Sandra Bernhard
Doesn't remember	"Also now go in here"	"Oy vey"	"Do do"	"Pack up"
Best	Rogue, Moby, Jody	Didn't have one	Fluffy	Coco, Iggy
No	No	No	No	No
"On my knees"	"Meet here"	No	Yes	Yes
Washed hands	Washed hands, rubbed hands	Never	Washed hands, rubbed hands, took out garbage	Washed dishes, cleaned house
A "big guy"	A rapper, a poet	"A hoar, what I got her"	A dancer	A rapper, a fashion designer, "what I eat"
"Little stuff"	Read alone	Prone to	Chicken and hot	Ginkgo nuts
Winger	Winger	Meat loaf	Fish	Cooked carrots
"I loved it"	Yes	No	Yes	No
Never grounded	Having a sack bag of pot	Playing hooky from school	Snoring out too late	Doesn't remember
John Wayne, Johnny Black Brown, "Lark" Lark	The Beatles, Dylan Thomas	Lucas Bushnell Singer, Mervyn Dymally	Walter Rudolph, Julius Irving, Martin Luther King	Carol Channing
Working with mother in the kitchen	Cooking the A-lanes on the Queen Elizabeth	"Talking with my father"	First trip on a plane	Going to Detroit to visit relatives and eat bread
"Didn't have any"	Moving every year	"Not being so smart as my husband"	Not being able to go to the prison	"When my parents went to Europe for a month"
Hoover	Coin collecting	Politics	Peng-Peng	Daydreaming
No TV	The Rat Patrol	Eddie Cantor Comedy Theatre	Pat Albert and the Cosby Kids, Perry Mason	Lost in Space
Math	English	History	Biology	Creative Writing
Jack & the Beanstalk	Call of the Wild	Memoirs of the Second World War, by Winston Churchill	Amos	Charlie's Web
"Before my eyes were open"	Yes	"None of your business"	Science	Thirteen

	Charlie Heston	Stephen King	Sam Williams	Malcolm Forbes
First words	Don't remember	Don't remember	"Mama"	"Probably 'no.' It's the first we all hear."
Pet's name	Lobo	Kay	Dorset	Jon
Was a scout	Boy scout	Boy scout	Boy scout (not listed yet—couldn't say done)	Boy scout—first class
Sold bed linen	No	Yes	Sometimes	Yes
Chores	Mixed linen, folded linen, washed dishes, took out garbage, washed car	Mixed linen, mixed linen, washed dishes, took out garbage, washed clothes	Bowled, yard work	Cleaned room, mixed linen, mixed linen
Wanted to be	Gary Garry, a naval officer	A freeman, an entrepreneur, a writer	Rick	A freeman, a policeman, a bus driver, a cool man
Favorite food	Muskrats and cheese	Hamburger	Spaghetti	Peanut butter
Least favorite food	Liver	Broccoli	Fish	Broccoli, cauliflower
Not in bed	No	"I didn't want to"	"Yes, and I liked it"	"I liked it—well, not"
Grounded for	Don't remember	Never grounded	Forging school papers	Stealing the car out at fourteen
Idols	Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway	Jerry Lee Lewis, Richard Marleson, William Golding, James Dean	Superman, Zorro, the Phantom	Lincoln and, and JFK, LBJ, and
Best memory	Tom Sawyer style of Michigan boyhood	Going to the movies on Saturday	Running away from home	Chaucer
Greatest regret	Parents' divorce	"No real regrets"	Parents' divorce	"All that money, and no going"
Favorite hobby	Attempting to be other people	Going to the movies on Saturday	Making machines like riding	Swimming, tennis, reading
Favorite TV show	No TV	Route 66	The Paperboy	No TV
Best subject	English	English	English and history	Science
Favorite book	Huckleberry Finn, Twister Island	I Am Legend, by Richard Matheson	Candy	Twister (my father)
First kiss	Sexon ("Later on a girl better")	Twister	Eight	Thirteen (but she loved)

Frank Zappa	Steven Seiden	Gerry Shandling	Glenn Seiden	Mark Jackson
Doesn't remember	"Probably 'no.'"	"Why not?"	"Mama"	"Mama, daddy"
"It died before I could name it."	Mandy, Mami	Elmly	Duffy, Shuman	Grandy
Cub scout—four	"No, I didn't stand long enough around by kids in uniform."	Cub scout	golf club	Boy scout—tentative
Yes	"No, but I do now."	No	Yes	Yes
Mixed linen, washed dishes, took out garbage	Washed dishes, took out garbage, cleaned bathroom	Mixed linen	Mixed linen, folded linen, washed dishes, took out garbage, washing	Washed dishes, took out garbage
A chemist	A person, rich, a hotel director, a teacher, a	A mathematician or a comedian	A psychologist	A professional basketball player
First system	Chocolate	Penn, computers	Chocolate cake	Hamburger
Speakers with teeth	"Anything dirty"	Liver	Cauliflower	Liver
Yes	Lined up seven	Teeth	No	Yes
Never grounded	"Beating up some Murphy for calling me names"	Never grounded	Crossing the street at age six without permission	"School behavior"
Walt Disney	Robert Redford, David Bowie, Barbra Streisand	Any cartoon	Jonico	"My father"
None	Chaucer, Chaucer, "watching my puppy being born"	(No answer)	Playing in a forest	Going to recreation park
"Feeling a little bit on the edge because I was having some trouble"	"Not getting into school close because I wouldn't say 'harmless'"	(No answer)	Moving to live in South Carolina	Moving
Puppets	Singing, dancing	Electronics	Squash	Pretty
Tales of Tomorrow	The Man from U.N.C.L.E., Top of the Pops	Ray, My King	Lost in Space	Good Times
Art	English	English	Spelling	Math
Short stories by Constance Smith	Lady Women, Mary Poppins	Great Moments in Sports	Little Women	Genius George
Thirteen	Twelve or thirteen ("No sign yet")	Two months	Twelve	Eleven

PIED À DARRYL

It's not exactly Xanadu,
but it's only eleven minutes from
home to home plate



SURE, YOU EXPECTED SOMETHING with a little more flash. We all did. Hey, the man earns more than \$35,000 every time he hits a home run. You've got to bet that translates into something more than a modest three-bedroom condo within hearing distance of the highway that runs past the airport.

A lot of movies, TV sets all over. Kids' toys everywhere. Couple of microwave, high-tech workout gear in the basement. Barbecue grill out back for when Doc and Kid and Darryl and the other guys come over for a cookout. But no pool. No sauna. No hot tub. No trophy room. No music room. No garage, for Reggie Jackson's sake.

C'mon, Darryl—is this a lifestyle for a guy at the top of his game? Maybe Wade Boggs would crash here in the old days, but you, Darryl? Say it ain't so!

He says it's only temporary. He's looking for his dream house: three thousand miles west of Shea Stadium. Or rather, his wife is. A native Californian, Lisa Strawberry hates New York winters, really hates them. By the end of the season, if not before, she'll have found something suitable back home. With a garage/hot tub/tequila room, even.

Meanwhile, Darryl will hang on to his Long Island digs so long as he's a New York Met. Why not? The ball park is just down the parkway, about ten minutes as the Porsche flies. Maybe it isn't perfect for a guy making \$1.4 million a year, but hey, for a twenty-seven-year-old just starting out, it's still a little bit of equity. ☐



*Movie, movie
On the ceiling.
Who can tell
How Darryl's feeling?
He wants a new contract.
And we know why.
Look at how little
\$1.4 million will buy*



Tom Hayden's Original Sin

ON DECEMBER 3, the opening day of the legislature in Sacramento, Assemblyman Tom Hayden enters his State House office, looking lawyerly in a well-cut blue suit. A friend has dropped by with his wife and their new daughter. Hayden performs the archetypal political gesture, kissing the cooing baby, and dips deep into his well of dark Scotch irony:

"Doesn't she know that life is tragic?" he asks.

Hayden relaxes and shows off the family photos—Jane in Vietnam; their son, Troy; Vanessa, Jane's daughter by her first husband, Roger Vadim; the family fishing during the filming of *On Golden Pond*. There is a drawing by Henry Fonda and a framed 1971 *Life* cover of Jane: **BUSY REBEL**.

"Look at my family," says Hayden. "It's a great group of people. To want more than that requires some pondering."

Then Hayden begins a strange kind of confession. "My story is a very Catholic story," he says. "My life is very Catholic in that it is passionate to the point of irrationality, to the

point of falling in love uncontrollably, of crying at a birth or a death. It is sentimental, moody. It is sentimentally more comfortable with defeat than with victory." If he is aware that he sounds at all grandiose, there is not a trace of irony in his voice. "It is permanently rebellious because goals are never achieved," Hayden says. "It is full of symbols and mysteries. It is about the Fall. It

LOOKING FOR ABSOLUTION

is about redemption and original sin. It is about constantly repeating the same sins."

Which one?

"That's for you to find out."

IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

TODAY YOU CAN READ ABOUT ONE of Tom Hayden's sins in the supermarket tabloids. He has left his wife and family over a relationship with a spokeswoman for the Dakota com-

BY CRAIG UNGER

panies. A camera crew from *A Current Affair* has stalked out Hayden's district office and Santa Monica home. Helicopters have been circling. Reporters have stalked inside

strillery, hoping to find the object of Hayden's affections.

"Two things are indispensable ingredients of the love porch and out of the garage cars," Hayden says. "Intimacy and atmosphere are needed. When you start talking to someone, you wind up going down a slippery slope into the most private parts of your soul. You can't mandate that into hardness. There is no public relation to private person."

Now that it's out in the open, Hayden talks about his separation with an open but uncertain finality, as if a great mythic moment may have passed.

"Whatever comes of our marriage," he says, "I like to think of it as having been a personal achievement. We created a source of love in the world and a good one. We did some great things together. But my experience has always been turbulent. When you have high expectations, they get dashed. Yet I always feel impelled to raise my hopes again. It's not repulsive like the myth of Sisyphus, starting over always in the same place."

Many blame Hayden's recent affair for the breakup. Says a close personal friend of his, "Tom is a man of great integrity. He doesn't do anything he doesn't see as 'complete and total truth.'"

One friend of the couple's says the separation is part of a larger mid-life crisis brought on by Hayden's thwarted ambitions. "Tom is a Hamlet-like figure," he says, "haunted by the fact he can't do it. The guilt is born by the fact that he doesn't know what road to take. So he is questioning everything. Tom is a man of history and has reached his political apex, and that is in the state assembly."²³

THEY ARE—oh, well, rather—the parallel to the couple of the antiwar movement. Tom and Jane—it is hard to think of one without the other. Like all great couples, they were more than the sum of their parts. There has been not just a marriage, but a partnership in which Funds brought glamour, money, and a Holly-

Only Under's last piece for *Esquire*, a profile of Los Angeles Times editor Shelby Coffey, appeared in December 1982.



The Hayden movement in 1980, since the key, 1980.

Seen from left to center: With Jerry Rubin in 1968.

wood-based consciousness, and Hayden brought a political agenda and intellectual credibility. Love now, the separation is affecting academics, community organizers, and the Hollywood Left. "There is some real pain going down," says a friend of the couple's. "This is not just someone in the neighborhood getting a divorce. The king is dead, and all the peasant workers feel the tragedy."

Of course, it isn't all been perfect. Hayden's standing job and no job that he and Jane spent six years doing together was because their craft had made a mistake. There had long been rumors of extramarital relationships—for Hayden, in particular. And there were hints of deeper problems too. In an interview with *The Washington Post* last May, Funds said that while writing his recently published memoirs, *Autobiography*, Tom brooded about his past and "became very sad, very vulnerable, very emotional, in some ways despondent. He became convinced that no sooner would he write the book than our family would fall apart—that by going out as a limb and ending the book, I was a happy man, that of course it couldn't stay that way, that everything was going to fall apart."

About which Hayden says now: "Writing the book had a big impact on me. I went deep, deep inside of myself and tore my past for months. At the same time, Jane and I were again. Well, you can't drive your own conclusion. It's certainly not the cause of the separation. But it put me into a wings or a swirl in the last going through. It was my most intellectual and emotional co-

presence last year, a constant almost of the past."

Tom took over the family responsibilities while Jane was on tour—first from January through October, on two Elms. After their actual Christmas reunion in Aspen, they discussed separation. Then, Funds told him to give up seeing the other woman or leave the family. Hayden couldn't decide on such a decision. They kept it quiet for a while so that it wouldn't interfere with Tom's first major exam. Then, in February, they announced their separation, and Hayden moved into an apartment in West Los Angeles.

IN EARLY 1981 Hayden wrote a memo describing Gary Hart, a close political ally whose affair with Donna Rice had been front-page, as a "double man" who had been raised as a "jack clown" religious deconstruction.

"Love if you love the church," read Hayden's memo, "your church doesn't have you. And so even as [Hart] experimented with the new world of his relationships, the voice of his past reminded him that he was wrong. He entered a world of shadow and risk...operating according to his own ethical standards, while judging himself a sinner."

"At the risk of being misunderstood," Hayden added, "let me say right here that I am already with this coming of dawn."

Catholicism colors Tom Hayden's speech, at least in the view of the world, but the true "jack clownish risk" for him may be the use he finds himself unable to do. Hayden was an apostle—no, make that a messiah—of another moralistic deconstruction: the Church of the Sixties. *Autobiography*. One reason that his great sense of sin has more to do with the time—or with being too old—than with anything more biblical.

Like most prophets of that era, Hayden has no doubts that the prophets of the Sixties are not playing particularly well these days—unless, of course, they're being martyred. Anyone landed with the Jesus label today?—Bob Dylan, Edith Piaf, Cher, Timotee Leary, Jerry Rubin, ran down the list—was being sent either as a mildly embarrassing or as an apostle who has betrayed his cherished ideal.

Hayden has done much better than most



QUORUM

Eau de Toilette for Men

of his cohorts at trying to stand outside into each different era. Today, he explicitly anchors words like *left* and has never wavered in his commitment to broader his electoral base, taking various positions on Israel, the death penalty, and other issues that, along with various quaternaries by him and Ponds, came out of his old skin to wonder exactly what he wants. Heyden's biggest problem is not he is likely to acknowledge look at him today and, inevitably, you see his past. The things that are most relevant about him as a historical figure are precisely those things that are not changing, to him politically incapable of deciding whether to ne-



A multifaceted perspective: Look at Heyden now and you

see his past. WITH THE PATRIOTS, Philadelphia, 1970

TOM HAYDEN GREW UP IN Royal Oak, Michigan, the lively competitor on all lower middle-class Irish Catholic parties in a Protestant neighborhood. His father was an accountant at Chrysler whose career drinking deserted him. His mother was a librarian. By high school, Heyden was already something of a rebel who read *Mad* magazine, identified with the Beats, James Dean, Marlon Brando, and Jack Kerouac, and put out a paper called the *Daily Worker*. All of which was pretty impressive stuff for a teenager straight out of Middle America in the suburban Midwest. No one, Heyden knew of a time, seems to know where he acquired the academic sense that he should speak for a generation.

An editor at the University of Michigan Daily, Heyden attended the 1960 Democratic convention, where he interviewed Martin Luther King Jr. and met Robert F. Kennedy. Heyden identified with the Kennedys, but was critical of their policies—his stance was that of a radical, not a liberal. His heroes were Albert Camus, whose *Myth of Sisyphus* and *The Stranger* he admired, and C. Wright Mills, the Marxist sociologist. Heyden's social sense and author of *The Power Elite* and *White Collar*, who provided the intellectual foundation of the New Left.

In 1961 he and his first wife, Sandra Carson, went south to work for the civil rights

movement. Heyden became one of the first and only white people in America to be jailed in demonstrations against racism in both Georgia and Mississippi, events that would lead to Martin Luther King's first large-scale, national, and nonviolent campaigns. In June 1961, Heyden and many other activists from Students for a Democratic Society met in Fort Hare, Michigan, to draft a agenda for the embryonic student movement. Heyden, more than anyone, is credited with membership of the Fort Hare Students, the now-mythic proclamation that is the only enduring document of the New Left. As it was being discussed by eager student activists across the country, Heyden, then twenty-one, drove to Washington, D.C., went directly to the White House, and presented a copy of the manifesto to Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Like Bob Dylan, Heyden captured the generational spirit of the era. "When he speaks he had a tremendous, sometimes awe-inspiring ability to articulate ideas," says Richard Fleck, one of the original SDS leaders, now a professor at the University of California at Santa Barbara. As SDS grew, Heyden emerged as one of its chief strategists and as a moral force who challenged the privilege of the middle class and searched for meaning beyond its comforts and materialism. Leonard Woolington, who later helped defend Heyden as the Chicago conspiracy trial, recalls first meeting him in 1964 in the Newark, New Jersey, office at an SDS Education, Research and Action Project. Heyden was trying to pull together young white radicals and blacks in a critical

Newfield wrote about Heyden's personal dating, calling him the "Love Ranger." By the time of the protests in the 1968 Democratic National Convention, for which he was later tried, Heyden had found maturity as an international political figure. "During the trial, we all assumed we were going to be killed," said the late Abbie Hoffman. "That's one reason I've always respected the men."

There were other costs too. Heyden was no more attentive to the so-called generation gap than anyone else of the era. Heyden's parents were divorced when he was six, and thereafter he saw his father only on weekends or vacations.

"We were close in the distant way that brothers and sons were in the 1960s," he says. "The idea of closeness then was a headache. It was a little like Jane's movie *The Golden Pond*, or Chevy Chase's *Vacation*, where the father lets the son have his first love, they cut the best case, and Chevy says, 'Gee, talk, son!'"

After the mid-Sixties, Heyden's father refused to talk to him at all. "When I repeated his conventional gobs," says Heyden, "and chose ideologically, that hurt him more than I realized." They reconciled eight years later, but the experience made Heyden skeptical about "how much love there is in society."

"It's typical of Tom not to want where he's left in his life," says Jay Ponds. "I never understood how much his father's running away from him had been."

Heyden was close to his mother. "But

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she thought she had given birth to a monster, an American monster, so she saw her mothering as a failure," he says. "She was sympathetic to me because I was her son, not because she understood what I was doing. To the end of her life, she thought that brothers and sisters were the same."

Hayden had problems with his sister family, the Mexicans, as well. As his fame grew, Hayden increasingly acquired a reputation as arrogant and manipulative. Above Hoffman discreetly called him "Mr. Warren." Gene Wilder said Tom Hayden "gives opportunities a bad name." "In some cases, such criticism came with the real-life could anyone be a leader in a leadership movement, the presence of which was to destroy all authority."

The experiences took their toll. "I was twenty-eight years old when I was at Bobby Kennedy's trial," says Hayden, "twenty-three when John Kennedy was killed. Not to mention the whole Vietnam experience, in which a million people died for nothing. I started to see a very idealistic, one-change-the-world-kind-of person when I was twenty. By the time I was thirty, all that had happened in life I've essentially done the same person, but the melancholy has been made a permanent part of me."

The assassination of Robert F. Kennedy marked a crossroads both in American history and in Hayden's life. "I feel with an absolute certainty that things would have been better if Bobby had lived," he says. "To me, without being self-centered, we lost the last years of our lives. In that phrase of Jack Newfield's, we became might-have-beens. It still haunts me. I don't want to believe it, but it still haunts me and will be for the rest of my life."

ON A WARM DECEMBER evening, fifty or sixty people are mulling about in a converted Tom and Jane's former Mexican home. The occasion is a reception for a seminar on changing technologies in the workplace. This is one of the last evenings during which Tom and Jane will hold forth as a couple. There is no host of coffee.

The guests, typically, are not glitzy Hollywood-A-list types, but scientists, feminists, labor leaders, and politicians. Many were activists in the Sixties who have become as closely as possible to their ideals. They have become reasonably successful professionals, but they are still outsiders who now find that the box centers of their period—the lofty utopian visions, the commitment to idealism, idealism, and passion—have become liabilities.

Among them is John Frazee, a former Chicago company trial defendant, now an associate professor of toxicology at UCLA. "We've all made accommodations



TALKING ABOUT A REVOLUTION.

The postapocalyptic couple.

of the outside world to fit in.

with the Sixties," he says. "That's not surprising and it's not necessarily bad. Everybody does things differently when they're older. But in looking at Tom, you have to ask yourself at this point in American history how you achieve change in this society. The answer is a very frustrating one: One generation is trapped."

The elder that there are no second acts in American lives has proved especially true for the Sixties generation. The culture has changed so much that it seems virtually impossible for anyone at the cutting edge of that period to retain any integrity and be at the forefront today. Hayden is a great case study of an attempt to do just that. For his new act, he chose to be part of a duo—Tom and Jane.

They met in 1972, not long after Fonda's seismic entry into the activist movement. She had already made the transition from the rock-star roles of movies like *Barbarella* to more serious films. Her performance in *Kluge* "imposed me sharply as a woman when I was previously open," Hayden writes in his memoirs. "It too seemed to poster the 'vision' of being male," if that means it could "let up everything" and keep a self-proclaimed sexual, very intelligent, the choice of entering, as being to let her be, had always seemed an act to transform and to acquiesce to."

When they met again in 1974, they fell in love. Together they founded the Indochina

Peace Campaign and traveled around the country organizing against the war. Fonda's 1973 trip to Hanoi was the public relations disaster of a lifetime, serving in the minds of millions of Americans the image of her dance of joy on a North Vietnamese steamship gun aimed at American planes.

At the time, it was powerful enough to disrupt even Hollywood's cash machine for her, but at Tom's urging, she returned to acting full-time. When the Vietnam War ended, Hayden was left without a clearly defined agenda. In 1976 he entered the Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate, against incumbent John Tunney.

Jane took hundreds of thousands of dollars into the Senate campaign, leaving her almost broke, but then her career took off: she started producing her own movies and did the banner of IPC film and earned tens of millions of dollars.

Hayden was at a career peak himself. Literally, he was in a long shot, he came out of nowhere to win almost 40 percent of the vote. But he had finally lost, was out of the spotlight, looking for something to do and married to a woman who was infinitely more famous than he.

As the Reagan era began, it became increasingly clear that Americans preferred candidates who were more mainstream than Hayden. When he first came to southern California in the early Seventies, his term was regularly checked—some think by the Los Angeles Police Department. The right-wing Secret Army Organization called for kidnapping Hayden and taking him to Mexico during the 1973 Republican convention. The memory school of Fonda's diaphanous, Vietnam, was put under FBI surveillance. During his Senate campaign, Hayden received several death threats that were serious enough to make him wear a bulletproof vest on election night. More seriously, in the same assembly, there has been an attempt by Assemblyman Gil Ferguson to force Hayden to resign as a trustee.

Hayden says he cannot police because he believes that the best ideas are worthless unless you have the power to put them into play. But his strong showing in the Senate race had an exhilarating effect on him. "It was the first time he had found a counterweight to Jane's fame," says a colleague.

In the Sixties Hayden's conversation was peppered with phrases such as "what we govern?" Anne Wells, who lived with him in Berkeley, recalls seeing a film called *Wild in the Streets* with him, after which he said he wanted to be Trotsky. "There was sort of a coup, conspiring not to let us try to smash the state," she says now.

Today, Hayden denies that that conversation took place, but he admits that he is responsible to the here that comes with be-

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ing a public figure. "There is disagreement," he says. "Given their chemical and physical nature, how political power is synonymous with the desire to be immortal. You seek power to seek immortality. That's why nobody ever quits on his business."

It was not until right after a modest electoral possibility presented itself. That year, Hayden ran for state assembly from a district that includes Santa Monica. Starting from the bottom as a liberal stronghold, Hayden won, but only after each side spent more than \$1.5 million, huge sums for a small office, in a close, bitter election.

Ed Gallery, producer of *Four Pande* Weekend, who assumes Hayden's television commercials for the left, usually campaigns. "The whole idea was to stir. I've changed." In the commercial, you see his house, his son, Jane having his good-bye, you see him living in a community, and these people screaming speeches. "They always spell out 'Tom Hayden for Assembly.' That's the voice-over. The changed. I've met the many voters who need to be."

The new Hayden was the family man, the baseball fan, the dad who made a commitment to live eleven hours every night with Troy, even if it meant flying home daily from Sacramento.

That was a Volvo family. Their Santa Monica house had no swimming pool, no screens on display. Hayden paid it a well-earned benefit from the Hollywood Stars. An insider to Hayden's personal environment, I went over particularly well with the culturally conservative values of MarVee. Douglas manager Timothy Lapanis became such a close friend of the family that he's referred to as "Uncle Timothy."

But Hayden's transformation was political as well as domestic. A new age lobby Kennedy of sorts, Hayden became an effective legislator, particularly an environmentalist. At the same time, he abandoned the bottom of the left. Hayden was on the left today makes as much sense as running out in the street drunk," he says. "It's a very conservative country. It always has been, and anybody who fits that label and thinks he is going to be elected statewide or nationally is kidding the country."

He didn't think of myself as a liberal in the 1970s, and I don't personally think of myself as a liberal now. I don't think the issue means very much, but to the extent it means anything, it's not about me. I've been where I was in 1970. I believe you need politics based on desires, community organizing, and trying to build a coalition between the middle class and the poor while trying to reverse national problems and reform the Democratic party."



Look at me, finally. "I said Hayden, 'To come more rapidly, sorry, people find.'"

In 1974, he and Jane went to Israel during the intifada of Lebanon, a response by Israelis to a bid for Syria. Hayden's Jewish vote. When the KAM, and which was downed over the Soviet Union, Hayden dumped Russian votes of the day in a mile in West Los Angeles. And he has also said he would not be against the death penalty in all situations.

There are things that Tom has done that I disagree with," says John Fennell. "There, he shouldn't have gone to Lebanon. That was a mistake, but it doesn't surprise his integrity." On him are less generous. "I disagree with what he has become," says William Kinsley, the defense counsel at the Chicago conspiracy trial, who recently began a lower correspondence with Hayden. "He is a supreme opportunist, a dangerous man."

"He was a great leader in some of the most important social movements in our time," and Abner Hoffman. "I can't blame him for not being in the arena. This movement would give anyone the idea. But I think he's trying to transfer to the lowest common denominator. He's privately pro-people of his past but he is on. Why doesn't he honor his medals?"

But Hayden has built a powerful constituency. In 1995, the Hayden-chaired Campaign for Economic Democracy changed its name to Campaign California, in the process transforming itself from a grass roots

organization to a Hayden machine, capable of delivering voters in various pockets throughout the state. In Sacramento he has become known as a team player who understands the legislative process and knows how to work a bill. He has built and maintained alliances with Jerry Brown, occasionally elected chairman of the California Democratic party. And he has worked with Democratic national platform committees and with presidential candidates, primarily Gary Hart and then Michael Dukakis.

Hayden has also become known as the godfather of young Hollywood celebrities, a man who could make or ruin stars for the right cause or candidate. It is a role he claims to embrace. "I don't want to be in the position of delivering celebrities," he says. "We're not trying to get people to belong to us. They go wherever they want. That's as it should be."

But some resent Hayden to Hayden. "When I get a call," says Rob Lowe, the teen heartthrob who has become a favorite on the television scene, "and I hear Tom is supporting something, well, I always end the phone—always, always, because I don't want to look like a fool. But I always know I'm going to end up agreeing."

Hayden's growing power has critically muted it, but as though he has ambitions beyond the state legislature. "He may not be satisfied with his job," says Ronald Brownstein, author of a forthcoming history of politics in Hollywood. "That the fact that he is a national figure with no real power, that he is in Sacramento with a bunch of head-down liberals. If he could reach Rob Lowe and Justin Timmerman and all these celebrities for a real vote of national politics, I think he'd do it in a moment."

There are even those who have been able to see Hayden playing his assets to the Senate further. "Tom Hayden will someday be President of the United States," says Stanley Steinbock. This statement would not be so far from the truth. In fact that Steinbock, a U.S. legislative consultant and lobbyist, is one of the cheerleaders of the so-called Millionaire in Southern California's powerful Democratic Club. "I had the experience of watching Richard Nixon in 1970, and Tom has been doing exactly the same thing. He has been working the electoral arena at the national level. He knows how to play the game, how to raise money, and he has piled up a list of state exactly the way Nixon did. Tom, it seems ludicrous to say Tom can make it to the White House. But it seems ludicrous to say that Richard Nixon could or is crazy after Richard Nixon could."

Of course, there is a chasm between Steinbock and key Democratic operatives

who believe that too many people can already be persuaded to assume to have Tom Hayden.

IT IS A WARM HUNDAY in December and a beautiful day for baseball, but it's not so terrific for the Hollywood Stars. The Stars, Hayden has noted, are not true Hollywood, and they are not really stars. They are doctors, lawyers, and politicians playing baseball-league ball. Still, their game was close. The pitcher threw fastballs, curves, and sliders. One grounder on a patch of Red Man, "America's Best Grass."

At forty-two, Hayden still plays the game well enough that he's not a liability against even his top players. Now that he is in the position of delivering celebrities, he has become more serious. "Tom cares more about winning than whether he gets a highlight because he doesn't get his playing time," says a teammate.

This time, the Stars fall 9-5. Afterward, Hayden dunks into his Volvo station wagon, giving a lift to Patrick Swayze, an outgoing on-camera in his last chance. On the way back, Swayze evinces regret that he passed the Stars and early Sacramento in the Olympics baseball.

"It must have been exciting to be in the corner of action," he says.

The statement is disquieting to me, but I defer to the former civil rights hero and current leader in the starting wheel. Hayden, however, is made. He is a world sensation, he is actively disinterested in the past. His eyes are fixed on the road ahead. On the dashboard is a baseball card with Hayden's photo on the front.

"Tom is believed to have shifted from left to center for his own approval," it reads. "Still, he is not a politician. He is a man of action, however."

Hayden's past is enough of a problem that even such a personal out as the signing of his son is controversial. Many of Hayden's friends say Troy was named after Nguyen Van Tra, the Vietnamese who was executed after attempting to assassinate Robert McNamara in 1967.

"No," says Hayden. "That's not true, though Nguyen Van Tra is a very interesting and amazing character. There was the story of Troy in Greek literature and just Troy is a nice name."

When James Miller recalls an interesting Hayden for "Democracy is as the Stars" and being struck by how optimistic he was about the past.

"Last year I spent a day reading a complete draft," says Miller. "He called me up, virtually begging me to interview him again. A kind of response was going on. He set up a marathon interview session with two of his oldest and best friends. He was pro-



There was the first. Hayden, "I said Hayden, 'To come more rapidly, sorry, people find.'"

founded ambivalent. He wanted to protect his career, but he also wanted to make his claim to a place in history—and to do that he knew he had to tell more of the truth than was politically prudent."

Likewise, writing his memoirs was one of the most difficult tasks of Hayden's life. After he had been writing on the book for some time, Steve Wasserman, now publisher of H&H in Wang, recalls asking him how it was going. "Tom took me back into his office and showed me also a mountain of notes and research materials," Wasserman says. "Then he said, 'I don't even know what the truth is anymore.'"

Kennedy is not just Hayden's attempt to state himself as a candidate for higher office. He sincerely desires to fix things in the book, anything that he can correct. And he is probably the only elected official to have a career about his past as part of a "revolutionary" movement. "For his book shape shift of calling what Miller calls 'the lost moral compass' of the Sixties, with an accepted reason and dream of revolution. Obviously, the best Hayden can manage is a lively, realistic reflection of a past that in his own opinion, is close to history but that is disguised by words he is too proud to acknowledge."

In Kennedy, Hayden presents himself as an heir to Bobby Kennedy's legacy, using religious imagery to describe having seen Kennedy in Los Angeles in 1968. "What

struck me most, though, was his hands.... They reminded me of slippers, of hands caressed."

"Are you helping? How is it looking? Kennedy asked."

"You was the doves tonight," I replied, "and I think it looks good. I want to work with your people on the demonstration in Chicago against the war."

"Good," was all he said, then his eyes drifted to another thought.... The doves deer closed, and I watched him almost limping down the hall for the last time."

When Kennedy was shot and killed the next week, Hayden went with Jack Newell to St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York the night before the funeral. "It was a while before I noticed the coffin of Bobby Kennedy. It was sitting by the altar and, continuing off that moment of last night's hopes of the poor. Nothing left of that hope now, gone in a coffin while other hammers away and police searched the crowd I entered to cry hell."

But at the time, Hayden expressed very different sentiments. In a 1973, *Rolling Stone* interview, he was asked if he was close to Kennedy. "No," Hayden replied. "I met Kennedy twice... (the second time) quite by accident.... In the elevator he asked me if I was campaigning for him with kind of a hopeful look because he was so exhausted and the elevator was so close. And I said no.... I didn't feel that much respect for Kennedy...."

Today Hayden expresses the discrepancies between the two versions. "When I think today I understand that what I thought he was is different than what I thought he was. I had a hard time coping with Robert Kennedy. His eyes were challenged by radical orthodoxy. In the system didn't work, how was it supposed to understand him? That later criticism of his individualism from within of my feelings. The more I was drawn to him, the more I thought there must be some opportunism in me. When he got shot, I cried and cried and had a terrible breakdown. Those feelings were real, but they were wrong."

All of which is a little bit of a perspective shift—to recall to the psychodrama of the Sixties—that is their meaning or moved throughout much of the book. And that is how more important than Hayden's statement of his relationship with Anne Wells and the Red Family.

IN 1987 TOM HAYDEN, by then divorced from his first wife, was in Hawaii with Robert Schenck, then editor of *Ramparts* magazine. Wasserman was in attendance, and during their session, Schenck, who was given to making claims on the beach and calling women "bitches," confided to Tom that he had been a "male chauvinist" in his



Take a look at what makes a binocular a Nikon.

relationship with his wife, Anne Wells. Tall, attractive, witty, and self-possessed, Wells represented everything to which Tom aspired. She was like the girls on the other side of the tracks he desired as an adolescent in Royal Oak, the girls who, as he wrote in his memoirs, were so rich "they didn't seem to sweat." Hayden looked intensely at Scheer and gave him back to Berkeley, where he proceeded to woo Wells with his memory of feminism.

"It was this raging desire with this small child," Wells recalls. "Tom and I had these long discussions about women's liberation and many more would do that back then? He'd say, 'I love you, I love your baby.' It was good."

"I think Anne was the great passion of his life," says one friend from those days. "I've seen him with Jane, and there was nothing like the heat that control with Anne. There was a lot of real affection. The sparks that caused were unbelievable. He wanted to possess her."

Ultimately they ended up Berkeley as a radical collective called the Red Family. There were numerous collectives in Berkeley, all of which were supposedly equal, but with Hayden, the supreme movement "theory," the Red Family was at its epitome, promoting community control of police, housing work, and other areas of the day.

In his memoirs, Hayden refers only twice to the entire Red Family experience, which was at the center of his life for two years. He dismisses the overnight rise to "celebrity" concerns. But that on clearly is also the most dangerous in some of his closest relations.

"We really thought there would be a radical revolution," says Wells. "The Cubans and Vietnamese were going to lead. It was a coalition men and women, and that's what we were trying to be. Everyone got the same amount of money per month, from Hayden to the poorest, no matter how much you could come from. We wanted to be so collectivistic our underwear."

This was the era of "junk thinking," in which everyone in the movement pushed the passionate Hayden and further. If someone said it was wrong or unhelpful, everyone, even Hayden, took it seriously. That meant learning how to survive outside the showbusiness economic system, learning the martial arts, special communications training, how to give medical care to the wounded, and so forth. Hayden even organized target practice, teaching young radicals how to handle guns.

Hayden, then in rage, had the kind of self-confidence that made others surely aware of their own weakness. "Tom was unbelievably manipulative," says one

member of the collective. "He had his hidden agenda. Everything was calculated, thought through, everyone was a pawn in his master plan. All the women felt they were extensions of him. He was Machiavellian to the diabolical power. He would be diabolically manipulative of friends of mine, particularly women, but there is soon as they would walk out of the room he would cut them up in little pieces."

Hayden's Machiavellianism was nothing more than the kind of political savvy that's admired in Sacramento as Washington today, but in the hermetic world of the Red Family, it was mind-blowing. And it became increasingly difficult to separate the man from the myth. Hayden's emerging friendship with Anne Wells. "It was a very intense period," she recalls. "I was going on a trip for the Black Panthers, and we had three huge scenes about me going off and deserting him. It was very emotional."

"I wanted to understand who this man was. Every time I felt it was becoming more independent, he would call me back and try to control himself. I kept trying to find his soul, and it was very scary," she says. "Tom's ability to love and connect with someone—that was what I felt was really missing. His words and behavior were all about processing pain in an object."

When Wells returned to Berkeley, Tom drew off a New Haven radical rock singer, a member of the Red Family. When he came back he felt Anne knew that he had paid study her. Anne isolated the tragedy. Many members of the collective, including Hayden and Wells, kept around, so this was not mere jealousy. It was sexual-political warfare, an attempt by Hayden to undermine the unity of the women. "No more how much he would say he loved me and Catherine," she says. "He was always everywhere else. I came to dislike him and despise him. He had become this manipulative person. His soul had died."

Anne didn't want to just break up with him, she wanted to kill him too. She called a friend. "We panicked," she says. "One man was the old Mao Tse-Tung saying that the masses were happy rather than the few agents. Tom's whole crap was the space, color history and the masses were poor revolutionaries."

"They broke his spell," recalls Bob Scheer. "Tom had a spell over people. He had worked his magic over them and now it was over. It wasn't some flighty thing to tell him to go. There were his closest friends."

Hayden was not just kicked out of the Red Family, he was expelled from Berkeley and robbed of his entire political home. His father had already moved against him. The wife, the movement, Hayden's surrogate family, had turned on him, teaching him

again that to be attacked from within the family is the most painful thing of all.

TODAY, FOR THE THIRD TIME in his life, Tom Hayden is being expelled from a family. "If you are in doubt politically," he says, "I hope you'll allow for growth. We repeat things, but we become wiser."

This time, he may be losing not just Jane Fonda, who has turned on him and \$5 million in his career, but also her access to the Hollywood constituency that has been an important part of his political life. "Tom is a serious thinker," says one friend. "He will be severely weakened in Hollywood. That is her game. You cannot underestimate the power Jane has. It was never what he brought to the table."

If it comes no divorce, California's community property laws could Hayden to half of Fonda's fortune, estimated at about \$10 million, but that doesn't mean he'll get it. "I don't see how he can make it," says a friend of the couple. "That is Mr. American. If he's smart, he'll settle for a few million and that's it. Otherwise people will think he's a hypocrite."

As Hayden put it just before the separation, "I honestly would prefer not to be rich. I never had any interest in money."

"I'm not thinking about that in political terms now," he says. "I'm in first. Right now, I'm functioning as a full-time assemblyman. I intend to run for reelection in 1990, and I'm exploring funding for attorney commissions. My decision will be based on my personal feelings and what's good for Tom."

It is hard to envision what Fonda's absence will mean to Hayden's political future, but it won't be easy. He just left as a hero of anger. "If I were a real politician, I would stop mistaking."

Whatever happens in the short term, Hayden is a man of extraordinary animal resources, and it is possible to imagine another era of the world, when the values of the 1960s become a badge of honor rather than a wound. "I would not want to be a contemporary politician," says one who can tell the nation in inner circles, says Ronnie Davis, one of his closest friends from the activist movement. "I think that's sustained him all this time. He is willing to follow his destiny. The events of the 1960s may be such that his baggage will no longer be baggage, that what seemed like absurd passions for Tom will not be absurd at all."

And what about Tom Hayden's art? Is it an unbreakable ego. And if it can name the problem with an unbreakable ego, it's called pride. That is what allows Hayden to see himself in mythic, heroic terms. It is also what gets him into such deep trouble

Hayden is a man who, for all his contradictions, does not like to admit he's flawed. That means that in his private moments—such as downplaying a bad decision on the beach field. It also means he can discuss reasons for his drinking as "bullshit," and admit, in a quiet moment, that he once had a drinking problem. It means he can write his memoirs, but still have difficulty discussing his past, that he can show off his perfect, happy family in a separate when his marriage is falling apart. And it means he can continue to be a real estate public and, at the end of the process, respond to me that way. "It's gone too far. A marriage has broken up and you will never figure it out. You keep searching and it is not fucking hard. I'm never going to talk to a reporter again."

David provides Tom Hayden. It is why he could be both the most articulate voice of a generation and a man whose words will never amount to "see Nixon." It is why Hayden harbors an illogical fascination with ambition and fame, celebrity and power. It has haunted him since high school, when a girl wrote in his yearbook: "There is no one I do despise as much and adore as others."

Hayden's first wife, Sandra Cohen, says that Tom has never had much for self-esteem. "He's always had his confidence, his power base, and he sees in them his own reflection," she says. "That's what gives him his self-assurance and power. He's kept the same sense of himself. He's been consistent. He's a form of integrity in a way. But he lacks self-knowledge. People want Tom to be his true nature than what he is, because what he is is so complex. But he doesn't really know himself at all."

Pop psychology is a risky business. So if we are to do our job, let's use Hayden's own terms—the same ones he used in his memoirs about Gary Hart. Hayden, like Hart, has never really been able to shake himself of his past. As he experienced with the new world of electoral politics, recognition would not be a contemporary public role rather than as a former activist. Hayden left confused. He married dangerously not just as but with history. He was so uncomfortable with his "doublethink"—with the new self he created—that, like Hart, he began to "lose dangerously near the edge of exposure."

Hayden risks about his contradictions in abstract and clinical terms, engaging in a degraded literary discourse about Catholic morality and Greek tragedy that obscures the fact that he's really telling about things like drinking too much, sleeping around, and dropping his battery. His conclusion is typically dark, romantic, fatalistic, and, in the end, an actual dodge. ■



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NONE DIE OF HEARTBURN



From the Saul Bellow recipe file: [sugo di carni](#)

COOKING, IN THE WRITTEN WORLD of Saul Bellow, is never just about food. Sex, yes; lanacy, often; life philosophy, sometimes. But it's never just about food. Witness Bellow's latest book, *A Theft*, in which all kinds of appetites simmer at once ("At work in the narrow New York gallery-style kitchen, Clara was naked and wore clogs. To make it tender, she banged the meat with a red cast-iron skillet"). The chaotic mental health of Herzog himself could be tracked from ragged bread to a romantic swordfish dinner. And in *Humboldt's Gift*, Charlie Citrine remembered mom's cooking with what can best be described as a kind of spiritual awe.

Don't let us ruin your day if we tell you that in Bellow's real world, sometimes a meal is just a meal. "My philosophy of cooking is simple and pithy," he says. "Don't cook by the book." His one stipulation? "Taste as you go." It's advice we strongly urge you to follow with the following, previously unpublished Bellow omeurs. After all, how often can you get a Nobel laureate to eat his own words?

Saul Bellow's Sugo di Carni

½ pound chopped beef
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 cup chopped onion
3 cloves garlic
½ cup canned Italian-style
plum tomatoes, undrained
1 teaspoon tomato paste
1 cup dry red wine
a cup water or beef broth
a bay leaf
Soy sauce to taste
Pepper to taste
Fresh minced ginger to taste
Curry powder to taste

Brown chopped beef in oil.
Add onions and garlic; sauté.
Add tomatoes, tomato paste,
water or broth, wine, bay leaf,
soy sauce, and some pepper.
Simmer uncovered for two
hours. Add curry powder and
ginger and simmer at least
another 45 minutes. The
sauce should be thick. Simmer
the sauce overnight so "let the
flavors meld."

Miss Manners Lets Her Hair Down

By Rust Hills

MY GRANDFATHER could never seem to read the newspaper without cursing it (mostly at FDR); and much as one tries to resist the onset of crankiness, sometimes the *Savannah Herald Tribune* begins to tremble in my hands. It's appalling to read the newspaper! One half of what's appalling is the dreadful way the stories are reported, written, and edited (or not). The other half of what's appalling is what's reported on. The dreadful way people act! The awful things they do! The idiot way most people think! And the dumb things that they say! There is really only one civilized voice in your average newspaper, a voice crying out in the wilderness—no, not really crying, actually, but speaking quite calmly and rationally and literately, and not without a certain amount of quiet humor, even in the wilderness. That voice belongs, of course, to Judith Martin, who is "Miss Manners."

I've never been a regular reader of her newspaper column, but every once in a while, studying the paper as best I could, I'd come across her clever response to some reader's

dumb question about etiquette, or her advice on the common way to handle some contending supposition between. I'd always faintly, startled, "For goodness' sake, that makes sense."

And I began to wonder about her. Could she really be so cool, calm, and collected? In person? Not to speak of so smart. What was her own life like? How does it feel, being a civilized voice speaking calmly in the wilderness? I thought I'd like to meet her.

I didn't want to just call her publisher and ask for a professional interview. I wanted to meet her as a civilized, personal way. What's known of her private life seemed to be that she lives in a house in Washington, D.C., with her husband, who is a scientist, and that they have two children, both of whom were at Harvard. So I thought to ask a young friend of mine with a wide acquaintance, who lives in Washington, if perhaps he knew Miss Manners, and indeed he did. He gave me two telephone numbers, one for "either" and the other for "home."

Now, as regards my own manners, I have to say that although I have only two rules about telephone use, I abide by both of them strictly. The first is, "Never telephone anyone before 10:30 in the morning or after 10:30 at night," and the second is, "Never call anyone's house on a business matter." I had to admit to myself that, much as I might want to meet



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at which of our biggest sources of wet and
waders. Insiders say the Pan Am Build-
ing in New York City, and Mrs. Martin
would meet me there for a chat when next
she was up from Washington.

I arrived a bit early and was seated opposite an officer by John Williams, who looked distinctly at me that day. Martin had arrived at the office but wanted just a moment to collect himself before joining me. Then, just exactly a moment later, the herald sweeps into the room, forthrightly extending his hand to be shaken.

Juliah Mann in person is of demurest woman, looking trials, grimly, and exactly

"You live in Washington?" I asked, wanting her to talk of her private life. She answered, "Yes." I tried again, pointedly-leadingly. "In a house?" And she said, "Yes. In a house."

like the famous photograph of herself that always appears at the top of her columns. She was wearing, as I recall, a black suit with wide-length hemline. With her hair swept up into that Edwardian chignon and her neck angled at that high Victorian collar, she looked one of our times, as if it does up in period costumes. She has, however, a very direct, not to say assertive, modern-woman manner, and speaks not just in full sentences but in what some like full paragraphs. It's very disconcerting, poised and you are conversing with a superbly programmed, very articulate, nearly like one Alice Munster, *duh*.

We sat down together at a small, round table. Miss Wilkerson excused herself. The door closed.

"It's strange to meet this way," I said. "I imagine we have many friends in common, and, uh—" I paused, a little embarrassed at my own.

"—and many enthusiasms in common, too, I'm sure," she finished for me, ever so graciously.

I asked her if she would mind autographing my daughter's copy of her book. I produced the battered remnant of a paperback with both covers and many pages missing.

"My goodness," she said. "This book has been read!" On the top page, page five or so, she signed, "To Caithon, with all proper regards," which is the standard way she signs her books. Then she asked me, "Do you know what a compliment this is to an author, to see a copy of her book in this condition?"

Indeed I did know, which is why I'd shown it to her. But, as well, I was impressed: a lowly, drunken person might have been upset seeing a copy of her work allowed to get into such conditions.

"You don't mind being asked to give your autograph?" I said.

"No, of course not. It's very flattering to be asked." Clearly she has all the right attitudes. Of course, she's not really famous, not lauded and mobbed by autograph seekers. Like most any author, she's glad to see a core of her books.

On the subject of celebrants' right to privacy or otherwise, Miss Manning, in her

change of that nation. And sometimes they get quite divided from the majority of the work that is left to do in the first place. For what one-ironies me is that the practitioners often come down to extremely poor standards—here you know—of celebrityhood that people say, "Well, you got a good table in a restaurant." This shows a good deal of the same. This shows a good deal of the same of the same. It is not in me that the poverty of our standards of polymers has come to the point where we run them over to winners and losers. The winners of standards is such that decisions about who is important depend on the petty commercial class, who, after all, have a financial interest in establishing little handles of recognition."

There was a pause in our conversation while I tried to catch my breath, even though I hadn't said anything. "Well, uh, isn't personal publicity that's, uh, sort of unbecoming, isn't it, or I mean, is it the task of the celebrity putting himself forward as the [journalist]-paparazzi trying to get what's new?"

"Well, it's a combination," she said. "You're talking to someone who's a lifelong newspaper reporter, and I respect that tradition because someone trying to find out and someone else trying to retain some dignity. I was always astonished, as a reporter, that nobody ever said to me, 'That's none of your business.' I think partly there's a heavy 'manners' thing in there. They think they have to answer a question just because it's asked, and it's not in our interests as journalists to tell them that no, they really don't."

"Another element," she went on, "is that the very idea of privacy is suspect in this country now. It's thought to be characteristic to 'let it all hang out.' People say, 'Don't you want to be honest?' It's felt there's something suspect about someone who has a private life. Privacy is considered

She seems anxious to maintain her own privacy. Not so much, seemingly, from fear of any exposure, as out of a sense of con-

money and property. I asked her, trying to lead her to speak of her own private life, "You live in Washington?" and she answered only, "Yes." When I tried again, personally leadingly, "Is a house?" what she said was, "Yes. In a house."

There was a silence as we sort of stared at each other, then she smiled, very softly.

This seemed to me just a slightly more

point was stopping. "This's one of those business," which, as a moment before, she had said could currently be tied to a reporter but said was not, because of "a business man's thing." Clearly she knows how to handle herself. On the very first page of her book she says: "No one ever takes advantage of Miss Manners without her own cause," and then gives some examples of what she says when pressed to do something she does not wish to do. "Oh, I would so love to, but I can't possibly," and so on. She is a great believer in hypocrisy, and that's what two tame members into a formalist's snipset of self-defense. The story is of the herself had just said it was a story to be mentioned in someone's private life. She says, "And if I don't come back for years," she says, "And if I don't come back for years, I was always more interested in my ideas than in what the best of the book had."

She seemed to me fairly extraordinary. "You would really rather talk to a mouse than about his idea than about what he had for breakfast?"

for breakfast," she said, somewhat proudly, I thought. "Now, you may be raising the question of whether or not I have any interest in hearing an actor's ideas. Well, if he's an accomplished actor, I do. If he's not an inter-

"You would really be a movie actor about it," he said, "what he had said."

he eats for breakfast," she said.

lyricist actor, I don't." Then she looked at me blandly, and perhaps in response for her-

by what she must surely have perceived as foolishness on my part, she pulled back. "You don't have to do any of this," she said.

Since we'd previously ascertained that both her daughter and my daughter were to be actresses, this didn't permit reply. Besides, it was never stated I was uninterested in, only "ideas." All I could manage, though, was a stubborn mutter under my breath: "I still think it's interesting what people eat for breakfast."

Miss Misonery chose to ignore the child-
abuse and sexual co. "There are current
feels that do not translate into being talked
about," she said. "If I want to know about
a demerol, I assume I should go and watch
that person dance, rather than ask silly
questions."

"Isn't it ironic?" asked Miss Manners rhetorically. "That the person's life would claim more to be the most interesting than does his? Why is there the expectation that a well-known person's private life is going to be most interesting than the work he does?"

There was another long pause. I still couldn't get breakfast out of my stomach. He again asked me what I eat. I'd have to say, "Well, no one thing regularly, because I eat eggs now and then, cereal sometimes, occasionally a sweet roll or a corn muffin." I yammered to know what Miss Manners eat, but I didn't dare ask, after what she'd said.

Finally I asked, "In your own personal life, your private life, with your husband and as my, is everything always polite and merciful?" No mixed waters at breakfast in your household?"

But again she deflected the personal element in the question, politely turning it to a general answer. "You choose your level of how you are your different of opinion," she said. "At one level, you can have people

"Well," I said, "Everyone joins his 'unreflected argument.' It's argument about the affairs of everyday existence that gets so heated."

"I believe you can have these disagreements without the kind of heatedness that leads to rudeness," Miss Macon responded. She perhaps saw me looking at her dubiously, for she added, "I really believe that, yes. And I practice that, yes."

"No raised voices over," I ranted. I shook my head, whether I did this in irony, in sadness, or in disbelief, I simply could not say. "Well," I sighed finally. "It does seem as though you've got everything snapped down, Mrs. Martin, it really does." I pushed my chair back, as if to excuse myself from the table.

"Why, thank you very much," Judith Martin said, rising. Again she'd chosen to answer politely, but clearly she had sensed the duplicity in my voice and didn't want me to think I had gone undetected, for what she actually said was: "Why, thank you very much." *Evans*. "I think."

Shortly afterward she escorted me graciously but breakily—or perhaps I should say breakily but graciously—out of the office to the hallway with the elevators. "Oh, by the way," I said, "why didn't you phone me back when I phoned you those two other times?"

"I was out of town," Miss Manners replied matter-of-factly, not at all defensively. Then, if she reversed an excuse, she invented one she knew I'd have to respect: "I was taking my daughter up to school." She smiled at me, ever so mildly. "I asked

"Of course she did," I said, again defeated. But then I answered myself by what I had in mind: asking her next, "I had one other personal question," I said. "It's somewhat rude, Miley? You don't have to answer."

"It looks as if there was just one picture of you that was ever taken," I begin. "And your hair always looks exactly the same..." I hang fire. "I feel that to comment on someone's hair is the ultimate rude

Suddenly Miss Minners laughed charmingly, almost girlishly. "Oh, I don't mind your making," she said. "I have had two husbands in my life. The previous one was two heads down my back, and when I was

to be about ten, I got too old for that. So I put my hair up, and it's been up ever since. There have been a number of different prostheses taken. But once the hair and the face are the only ones I've got, what can I do?" ■

Beverly D'Angelo's Dirty Laundry

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, we D'Angelos have been doing our own laundry, and although fame has been kind to me, I'm still a traditional sort of gal. So every Saturday night, I give the servants time off and settle down with wine, Woolite, and a wash-tub. Naturally, I don't waste my bubbles on jeans and work shirts. Those, once worn, I simply throw away. No, I plunge in and scrub only those things that are close to my heart as well as my bottom. Here's what you might find on my laundry line if you drop by on one of those festive evenings. Salute! —B.D.

Men's boxer shorts
Fantastically good with hard pantsuits...great breathability

Metallic studded braier
From my LaToya Jackson collection, a real wow-wow-gutter in any social setting

Yellow satin bolero
I put this on when I'm bored. Then, if I'm still bored, I take it off and go to sleep

White lace underwire bra
The laces away from me of brasieres, it does everything you want it to do. The perfect supporting player for a night on the town, a day at the beach, my place her a lightning storm on a golf course

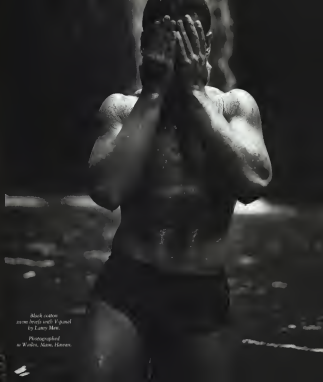
Cowboy boots
For love on with the boxer shorts, lose yourself down, and party. As always, a good wash ensures a great fit



Fashion

Greg Louganis, In Briefs

Photographs by Kurt Markus



Black water
zero briefs with Vigand
by Larry Moss

Photographed
at Weber, Mass. Harbor



Left: Cotton-
and-synthetic
by Nero Bruner

This page:
Cotton-and-synthetic
and short by
Robert Mannon.





Left: Black
nylon and lycra briefs
by Spaulo

This page:
Cotton and lycra
swim trunks
by Robert Hansen





At left,
Cotton and rayon
single-breasted
suit and
striped silk vest by
Katharine
Hamnett. Cotton
sleeve and
waist boater by
New Republic. Cotton
silk pocket-dot
tie by Charvet.
At right,
Cotton floral-print
vest by
Paul Smith

Fashion



Vest Assured

OSCAR WILDE COMPLAINED,

"I FIND AN EVER-GROWING DIFFICULTY IN EXPRESSING
MY INDIVIDUALITY THROUGH MY CHOICE OF
WAISTCOATS....." THIS YEAR BRITISH DESIGNERS HAVE
SURE YOU WON'T HAVE THE SAME TROUBLE.



Private
Glory

Great Men Die Twice

T

HERE IS THE FEEL of a cold offshore rust to the hospital room, a life-is-a-bitch feel, made sharp by the hostile ganglia of medical technology, plasma bags dripping, vile tubing snaking in and out of the body, blinking monitors leveling illusion, muffling existence down to a sort of digital bingo. The Champ, Muhammad

Ali, lies there now,

propped up slightly, a skin of sweat on his lips and forehead, eyes closed, an almost imperceptible tremor to his arms and head. For all his claims to the contrary, his surface romance with immortality, Ali had a spooky bead on his future; he never saw it sweeping grandly toward him but bellying quietly along the jungle floor. "We just flies in a room," he liked to say, moving quickly across the ruins of daily life, plane crashes, train wrecks, matricide, infanticide; then after swatting half of humanity, he'd lower his voice and whisper, as if imparting a secret, "We just flies, that's all. Got nowhere to fly, do we?"

Images and echoes fill the room, diffuse and spreading, shot through with radiatable light and the mythopoeic for so long, the glass deferred to a degree no one thought possible, his immense talent, his regal wisdom, his unquenchable character, armed against desecratability, all he would ever do is grow old. For twenty years, while he turned the porno shop of sports into international the-

THE LATER ROUNDS

ater, attention was paid in a way it never was before or has been since. The crowds were a wonder to behold. Kato scaled the wings of jets to get a glimpse of him; thousands,

OF MUHAMMAD ALI

young and old, called him in masses during his roadwork. World leaders mirrored in the spell he cast over the crowds. "If you were a Pilgrimage," joked Ferdinand Marcos, "I'd have

BY MARK KRAM

to shoot you." The page asked for his autograph. Sure, he said, pointing to a poster, but why isn't Jesus black? A young Libyan student in London sat on his bed, kept him up half the

night with dehydrated voices of Muslim revolution. "Wach, one day you will see," said Muzammil Qaddafi. Half asleep, Ali said: "Muzammil, you crazy." Leonard Bonheim, more dispirited, wrote to an official in Havana. "I would like to see you on Muhammad Ali. Who is this man?"

The Ali Wars: how absurd that it would one day drop down here on a little hospital on Milton Road Island, South Carolina. The nurse didn't face Ali. What is he thinking? Never has his bronze physique rounded so demurely precise. My, my, isn't the world strange if he could not break through the maze of museum and incident, though he find personality signs sticking out like die figurines of chicken entrails? Does he remember King Lennox, one of the many heavy bags for Joe Louis, in the corridor after the Miami Beach weight? Boldly colored and draped Lennox's neck the solid, like two eyes on the apron, his symptoms were, he used to wear two yards with a young Cassius Clay. Over and over, like one-time Greek column, Lennox coughed, eyes appearing, spiritus bubbling from his lips: "We's gonna take you, kid. Lenox's gonna take you, make you a gay anther' out." Furthermore we did, so far he parents with me? Does he remember a shoulder resting on his back? none a day or so after the third Joe Frazier fight, moving to



know?" he asks. The nurse said their eyes and smile, struck by his innocence, it has nothing to do, they know, with mortality. He is not taking either. The physical aftermath of death seems to stimulate his curiosity these days, coughing, argue, mind you, just something that begins to get it your mind when you're watching blood move in and out of your body for half the day. Though he is very much a skeptic, there is a

Ali visits Dr. Mohamed regularly for blood-clotting treatments, though he rarely can't resist the big needles and constant beeping.

He himself had long been a speaker in such relief when he would instantly lighten his face during his fewest times of peace, orthopedics, and nursing homes. When down himself (very rarely), he could count on a peaceful room but hysterical blood, even "bunlike" Brown, on the least bizarre news from his screaming court, maybe a straight line from some reporter that he would run into a scattering collage on, say, the changing aesthetics of

during on top. No laughs, rather, though. "Don't make him laugh," a nurse ordered when leading a writer and a photographer into the room. "Laughing makes the wrong look." The photographer is Howard Hughes, Ali's closest friend, he's been with the Champ from the start, in the face of such abuse from the Black Muslims. Ali calls him "the enemy" or "the netherland."

His natural instinct is to make Ali laugh, today he has to settle for being his own self and going wacky back and forth between Ali and his nurses. He doesn't know what to do with his hands. Ali had required that he leave his hands outside, just one shot of this sort, of Ali on his back, the forbidden play of prisms, of time and montage played now, would bring Hughes a minor instant. "The doctor's want the world to see him like that," says Howard. "I wouldn't take the picture for a million dollars."

The process is called phlebography. It isn't his blood and it is being conducted by Dr. Khaled Mohamed. The procedure, popular in Europe, is a drawing of the blood. Ali is hooked up to an electrocardiograph

Esquire Retail Directory NEW YORK

ARMANI/FORMIN

Flares light

Ten's first avenue

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All poses a question, lips parting as

the window, his body set on fire from the strand? He stood there watching the bloodied sun drop into Manila Bay, then took a ruler's hand and gazed it over his forehead, each being seeking a vague

part of Ali that has always found accuracy and a skewed understanding of life in the beautiful, amorous, civilized outcrops, the creaking, measuring miscellany of living. The night before in the hotel

If he were sliding open manhole covers,

draw through the figures "Why do this?" he said again. Does he remember the old man coughing, the end of his face, patting light, a desire goodbye sound still with some? What is he thinking?

longer, with his wife, Lennox, beside him, honestly asleep. He grided a pleasant woman until he knew how many eyes he got each week, how many children she had, the frequency of men hating on her, and the

You die here... they take you home?"

All poses a question, his eyes closed, his lips parting as if he were sliding open manhole covers. "You die here... they take you

general question of her reality. "She lives a sad life," he said later. The same rose cracks with a desolate expression. "You die, we take you home, Muhammad." Such, a certain darkness greets us, reaches to their normal exchange and cross out for some business, comic interventions.

God," he said, "he fights with his legs, he usually fights with his legs. What is something creative?" Ali's job (more like a straight left of jolting electricity) came in twinges, such a thousandth of a second in excitement. He'd double up croaky with a left hook (rarely) and a right (more) in a split-second and then he'd be gone. Even so, it took many years for Ali to record in a prominent light in the national consciousness. In the Sixties, as a converted Black Muslim, he vilified white people as blood, blue-eyed devils. His position on Vietnam—"I ain't got no quarrel with these Vietnam boys, no way. They were pulled into this war—were innocent at first, but then taken up as if he were the provocateur of a national crisis. The politicians, promoters, and sweeping sentences convinced us to support against his constitutional right to work: cross, burn, hate, then fighting. He resisted the draft and defied into exile. Three years later he returned, better, slower, but with a new kind of fire in his belly. Though he had dedicated himself to the cause of equality, he was not a pacifist. He was a fighter and a defender of his race. He had never had a dramatic constituency before. Now a huge two-sided coin, he was looking for expression, eager to listen to just as in scripture, were-out, bigger, yet not who would to see right face for once. The rest is history: the two symphonic conflicts with Joe Frazier, the ongoing walk with him

scuffed. Yet among those in his camp, the few who stood, there was an edge. They approached Holmes, saying, "Don't hurt him, Larry." Moved, Holmes replied, "No way. I love Ali." With compassion, he then took Ali the most shocked conclusion of a thousand years, and then enough to make the most at risk. Ali held on to the route for the first time in his career. Ironically, he was much more, in 1974, his eye gouged him to the forehead and another fight, the far pulled on his middle, his hand speed up and whacking like a heated old fan, he was out as the crowd roared. Trevor Berbick, an earnest pug, surprised him easily. However, Aquino Duran, who had trained Ali from the start and had to be called out showing up for this one, watched him slumped in the dressing room, then turned away and rubbed his eyes as certain people tried to convince Ali that he had been robbed and that a fourth side was still possible.

The public press, indeed seems to insist on the president as Joe Frazier. However, who ever understood, kept still, deflated as he is. Ali knew the importance of a class (well), not only as a health measure but as good commercial sense. His ring discussion had always argued as passionately against excessive physical harm, his pride was beyond anything but a regal one. But his prolonged decline had been hard, un-



Ali is genuinely perplexed by the shambly he shares with other people. "All I got to do is sit here," he says. "I'm not, I'm not."

SIX, FIVE YEARS LATER, the gambler who still hopes, the president with the warning of the old aphorism that "we live beyond what we mean." The resurrection of Ali's image has been a sporadic exercise for a long time now, some of it coming from friends who have experienced firsthand pain over his illness. Others seem to be trying to manage a public image only to themselves, and a few are not to keep Ali a piece, a hint to those who might want to use his name in business, though the marketplace came away from billions in decline. Not long ago, a piece to The New York Times Magazine pronounced him the Ali of old, just about certainly party. Then, Ali surfaced in a front page section in the Washington Post. He appeared to have a hard grip on politics, current events, rights issues, and later of judgment being common—a scenario that had seemed as likely as the failure of last five Ali and his own speeches would one day loose on the white devil.

Now began to reach. What and who was behind the new Ali, the only Washington lobbyist who had the ear of corporate boss Strom Thurmond in Ohio. Hatch? The wife of Senator Arlen Specter even asked Ali a double-chocolate-mousse pie. For a good while, most of these seasons, and others, knew only the voice of Ali in the phone. Dave Kirsch, a columnist for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution who has known Ali since his Louisville days, concluded that it was more likely Ali's secretary, Richard Hirschfeld, widely regarded as an indirect impression of Ali, who had made the calls. (Hirschfeld has refused to comment on whether or not he did so.) Hirschfeld and Ali had one up a lot of men-



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RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Ali's ring classicism had always

into the darkness of George Foreman. Then, the Hopkins "bad attitude" of regaining dominance: cycle, return, answering the tortoise of losing weight, the calling of steady reflexes. The margin of

money. Who or what possessed him to come back on? Some blamed his manager, Herbert Muhammad, who had made millions from the fight, and that his influence wasn't that strong.

argued against excessive harm, his pride

demeanor compressed painfully, and the last fight (perhaps before) was

George's tricked from the corner of his strength, he came now like a prophet that

was beyond anything but a regal exit.

was going to take it in time before killing his opponent to fight Larry Holmes, after winning a second race, provided worried comment. After watching some of Ali's films, a London newspaper said that he was convinced Ali had brain damage. Diagnosis by long distance, the promoters

mounted by the gifts of a lifetime—no sport hand-carrying sugar given to him by Tang Hsiao-ping, a robe given to him by Elvis Presley. Engraved, his hands trembling badly, he sat in front of the fire and could only say, "Everybody got lost in life. I just got lost, that's all."

er over the pain on numerous occasions (banded by other people), from birth to now, most of them taking Ali's lobbying seemed to enjoy one's defense (judging by a Hirschfeld friend, and a federal lawyer in which Ali sought \$50 million in damages from his "wrongful conviction in the 1979 draft evasion case"). Hirschfeld's suit had succeeded in getting Senator Hatch and others to explore a loophole that might remedy the mistrial. Ali eventually had to surrender (with Hirschfeld had by his side), and everyone Capitol Hill were unable to reach the men with the voice. One of Sam Nunn's aides, noting Ali's lateness and Hirschfeld's aggressive opening, wondered: "Is Ali being cloned around like a puppet?" Certainly a suspenseful tale, but had Ali been a collaborationist all along?

AT HIS FARM in British Springs, Michigan, Alexander the end of a table in the living room. The 147 pounds of weight he made him in his short of breath. He's banded his upper arm, those scars, marks back to back, and voluntary lippen for years. Several months before, he had been almost black, thanks to fourteen bad weeks and his wife's efforts to police him at the table. But what is disturbing is the general profile of his condition.

For a long time now, he has appeared in-

different to the manager of his problems. But he doubts that anyone who understands accurately be considered a dangerous human opinion in Mexico (being his family called him out of it. "Bole of ten," he says, "a no.") The answer reflects the terrible frustration that must exist within him, the daily, fierce struggle with a body and mind that will not cooperate in his holding. He sits there, his hands shaking, his movements robotic, the look on his face similar to what the Marines call a thousand-yard stare.

Why is it, do you think, that after all these years, the dominant sound around Ali is silence? Look in the context of some caught by TV sound men, look at the verbiage that issued from his mouth: one could think he was a primitive intelligence capable of Germanic thought. Part of the fever of the room, if the Black Panther Huey Newton, posing with side and again, could be written up as a theoretical position and his partner, Bobby Seale, interpreted as a mental retard, how much a symbol was Ali, the fast to top and muscular glowing black profile, so despite with eyes remote and disconnected.

The fact was that he was not confident, he was a reflex of confusing emotions and intense persons. He did have strict control, most of it aimed at keeping himself a mys-

tery. "People like mystery," he used to say. "Who is he? What is he all about? Who's the genius he is?" To that end, he moved the media rubble dropping bunker of excitement, raw monologues, his teachers provided a great show and directed probing questions. By nature, he was a profile, sensitive man, and even in the throes of angry threats against whites it was hard to hide a smile, for he loved what the black call "willing well-served," making people into love. The Black Panthers used their gambit well, and the TV crew followed their passion. Thinking of all this, how could someone as alive to ideas and thoughts, who communicated precisely, in script and intense silence, be capable of fooling Washington politicians? Ali, of course, had seen the question emerge. Had he allowed himself to be used?

"How about all those phone calls?" he is asked.

"What calls?" he responds, vaguely. "To politicians that past summer." "You can't believe that," he says. "Min wrote that, he's a crackle from way back in Louisville. Ali never liked blacks." "But the press had the goods." "I'm against my newspaper now," he says. "This is the only important thing in my life. Keepin' in touch with the people." "Work you need?"

"Spend a hundred dollars on a scope every week. Give 'em all my autograph that week."

"Were you used?"

"For what?"

"To influence your lawyer."

"I ain't worried about money," he says.

"Maybe you just want to be big again."

Remember when you said I'll win. "I've, you have to keep fightin' or die to stay big. I'm gonna be big forever."

He smiles daily. "I say anything shock the world."

"You like politics now?"

"Politics put me to sleep."

"You were at the Republican National Convention."

"You home? Not, putting me to sleep."

"Karpis, Hatch, Quirin, they would've clapped you in jail in the old days."

His eyes widen slightly. "That right?"

He adds: "I'm tired. You better than a sleepin' pill."

But don't let the exchange mislead. Ali is not up to square these days, never was, really, when he was in the mood, and then he'd slide you with one of his standard lines ("You ain't as dumb as you look"). He speaks very, very slowly, and you have to lean in to hear him. It takes nearly an hour to negotiate the course of a conversation. Typically, he hadn't been enlightening on

the Capitol Hill scene. Over the years, he has been easily led, told by any number of vagaries what his true account were. If the advisors were dumbies who appealed to his opinion to help them drive up a ramp, he was even more of a stoop. Later, Hughes says: "Ali was proud about that impression. He had no idea." Why didn't he just say that he didn't make the call? "You know him," he says. "He'll never betray who he thinks has tried to help him. The idea that people will think less of him now bothers him a lot."

If there was ever any doubt about the staying power of Ali, his escape made when you travel with him. His favorite place in the world—next to his worktable at his home—is an escape. So he should be a high spirit now, he'll be in three weeks before the day's even. But he's a bit pendulous with Louie, who was to see that he kept his door at Hilton Head Island. He can't stand hospitals. They get in the way of life. He found a hard even to visit his old doctor Budman when he was dying. Paralyzed from the neck down, Budman could only move his eyes. Ali bent down close to his ear and whispered, "You in pain?" The eyes signaled "Yes." Ali turned his head away, then came back to those eyes, saying, "We had some good times, didn't we?" Budman's eyes were up and down. Ali smiles

about this in the Chicago airport. He's calmed down now, set off by himself, one-off straight and serious. He wears a purple suit, and he, and next to him is his black surgeon's bag, he never knew out of his sight. The bag is filled with religious items already autographed, which is the first thing he does every day at five A.M., when he gets up. All he has to do is fill in the person's name.

His autograph ritual and travel are his consuming interests. He goes anywhere as the ring of a phone, and he spends much time on the road. Perhaps the travel keeps him, he certainly gets an energy charge from people. Soon they begin to drop like bugs to his side. "You see," he says, "all I gotta do is have. Sometimes, you'll say, 'Why they like me?'" He is not trying to be humble, he is genuinely perplexed by the chemistry that exists between himself and other people. "Maybe they just like coloration," he says. Maybe, he's told, he's much more than a celebrity. He wonders that for a moment, and says: "That right?" By now, a hundred people have lined up in front of him, and a security guard begins to keep them in line. Ali eyes them close, name, waits, then gives them his autographed name. Some ask him to pose for pictures, others lead him about something. He raises his hat. "King (Mike Tyson), I'm comin'!"

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16 REASONS I'M GLAD I'M NOT FAMOUS

By
Stanley
Bling

1. When I wake my wife, put my feet
inside through my living room win-
dow, and wrap my car around a lawn
poker, as I do most every Tuesday
and Thursday evening, not one na-
tional publication will call to inter-
view me, even if I want them to.

2. No one is interested in testing
open my garage and rifling through
its contents, except perhaps for Mul-
tin, the cat who lives across the street.

3. Unlike my wife, even though she's my
love, when a man becomes famous,
however, he's required to divert him-
self of all previous commitments and
every a sacrament of faith, possibly
women with treacherous hair and hor-
nors that refuse to quit. I'm untroubled
by such women.

4. In one or fifteen years my kids can
get bored for drugs without getting
me labeled a bad parent. And later,
when they want to write a book exper-
ing my half-wit and general disre-
pute, nobody will publish it.

5. My wife and I can get marching
toons on our business without fear of
negative publicity, except possibly
from my Aunt Yara, who, if she finds
out, is sure to inform the entire neigh-
borhood that we can no longer be
based in a Jewish country.

6. When I crack wide about certain
prophets who shall remain nameless,
as I sometimes feel like doing, no re-
moted throwback to the Middle Ages
asking an expanded power base will

put out a caution to me. But seriously,
hey, I had the Big Guy because I love
him, now get out of here, you nasty
mudake you!

7. And there isn't a day goes by I don't
think my stars I'm not, for instance,
Cue Service, Inaugural Producing You
for the Television in the age of, when,
seriously well then, doesn't some people
hear from you, wow—can't a person
behave? holding for blood? What a
hummer!

8. I'll never feel the need to perpetrate
my original name in stupid ways, like
chattering my dagger the Big, Pri-
ma, or my house the Big, Tons, or
my dog the Big, Schlemmer, and then
claim every possession is a tax break
for some legal but basically unscrup-
ulous reason or other.

9. Being neither famous nor Anansi, I
am perfectly happy to pose for anyone
unwilling, and would not even perch
on Hilarious News, even if he re-
primed me from behind by saying
"Blast!" in order to get a really fancy,
crooked expression.

10. When I give my face sharing over
a hipshot and have to stick a piece of
napkin the size of a #10 envelope on
to stretch the kneeling, I don't have to
walk around with a beard over my face
or even call in Bobby Zorn to pos-
sion the incident.

11. Since none of my political agenda
gained water-marking the votes, there's
no reason for me to renounce it, re-
frain, or even think about it much. In-
fact, I don't even have to read The New
Christian, because I never had an
old one.

12. Unless I become a small insurance,
cross-dresser, or a high politician in a
potentially racist organization, I'll
never be forced to meet Morton Den-
ney Jr., Genito Rivera, or Kurt Wald-
heim, not even socially.

13. When I go to a restaurant, I seri-
ously dread some crime on my list, if
I'm someone out. If not, I'd want on my
lap, what's left of it. If I was famous, I
know I'd open USA Today one morn-
ing to discover the headline, "BIG BOSS
BRO SAYS IN PRISON DURING OCCUPY IN
DISCOUNT. I'd have that."

14. Nobody will ever ask whether
he passed to me, since nothing ever
has, or is likely to.

15. Albert Goldman will take no note
of me when I'm dead and unable to
sue, and even insurance in the while I
live. So, Nyah, Al I'm cleared! You
can't get me!

16. The other day I saw a rock 'n' roll
microphone, and Del Shannon was
singing "Runaway," and boy, he
looked okay for somebody you haven't
seen for a couple of decades, but there
were these vicious lines zooming in
from the circumference of his face all
the way to the dead center, and while
he wasn't exactly far past it, he was di-
rectly gone subliminal in the middle.
If there hadn't been a little graphic re-
sistance the guy informing me that
this was indeed "Del Shannon," I
might have placed him as my cousin
Larry, who sells gun's barbecues. If
there comes providing the inevitable
crises that one and exists work on
the human machine, I'd just as soon do
that to myself. And you can quote me,
just spit my pseudonym right. ■

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
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